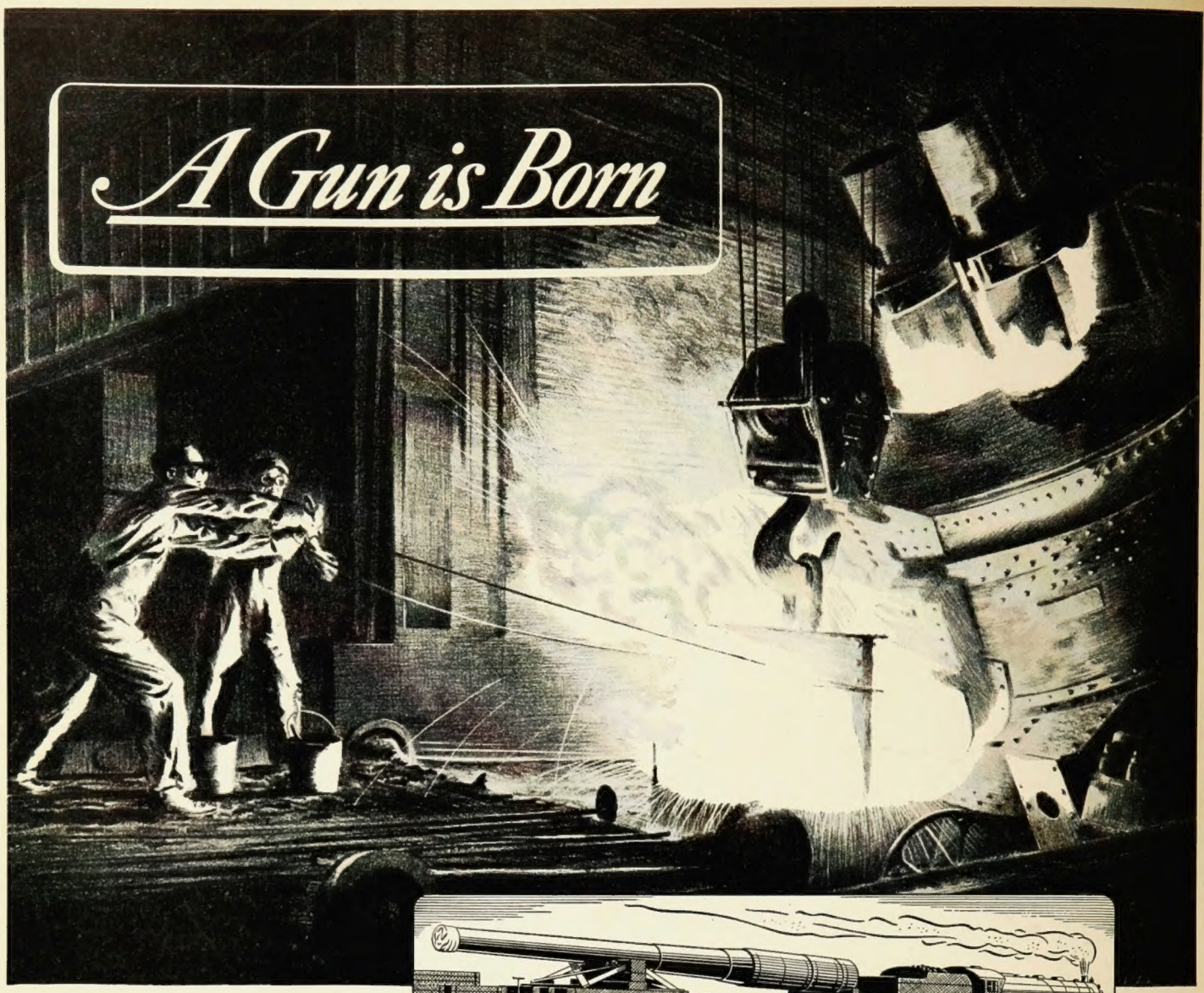
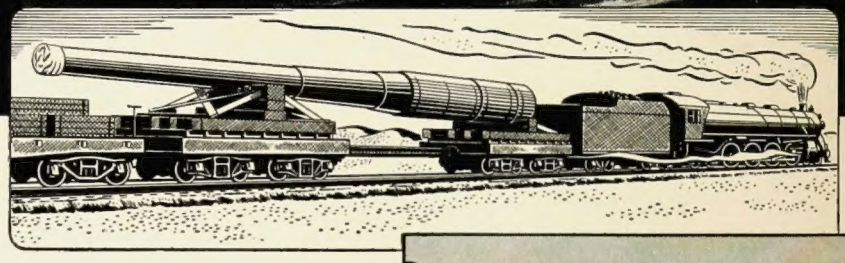
Liberty 5¢
WAY OF LIFE
The
Rise and Fall of
Joseph Schenck
BY
ALAN HYND
WHAT ERNEST BEVIN IS LIKE
A CANDID STUDY
OF THE BRITISH LABOR LEADER

A Gun is Born





INTO the furnace goes the red earth of Minnesota; the white stone of Pennsylvania; the black rock of West Virginia. Out of it emerges another grim guardian of our cherished liberty. Meanwhile the instruments that will control its fire are being fashioned in Brooklyn, from metals alloyed in Connecticut of Arizona copper, Oklahoma zinc and aluminum made in Tennessee from Arkansas bauxite.

When you start tracing back the elements that go to make up our armor of defense, you find the trail divides again and again. It will lead you back to every state – yes, almost to every county. Each makes its contribution. Each does the thing it does best.

And bringing all these elements together – weaving them into a coordinated program of defense – you'll find the railroads – the only form of transportation that can do this job.

The railroads – moving goods so economically that bulky ores can be shipped half way across the continent for refining. Operating so swiftly, so dependably that it is now common manufacturing practice to fabricate parts in widely separated plants and bring them together *by rail* at a common final assembly line.

IT MUST MOVE BY RAIL

Latest estimates are that the steel industry will produce over 87,500,000 tons of steel in 1941. To make this the mills will need:

2,430,000 carloads of iron ore
650,000 carloads of limestone
1,725,000 carloads of coke
450,000 carloads of manganese, chromite and other special ores and miscellaneous materials.

And after all these materials have been converted into steel, the railroads will handle it all again, perhaps several times, in various stages of manufacture – a job that only railroads could do. The steel business couldn't get along without railroads any longer than railroads could get along without steel.

BIG TRAVEL BARGAIN—$90 coach fare, $135 Pullman ($45 extra for one or two passengers in a lower berth) for Grand Circle Tours of U. S. Ask your local ticket agent.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.

You get 19 FEET OF GRIP in every foot of "G3" ALL-WEATHER tread!

Better buy now—while you can still get this greatest tire value at present low prices

ANY man who's looking ahead doesn't have to be told it's smart to buy the best tires he can afford — *at today's low prices.*

For long-time, long-distance service, today's shrewdest buy is Goodyear's new, better-than-ever, first-line "G-3" All-Weather.

It's improved throughout. Fortified with the toughest rubber and the strongest, most enduring cord carcass ever built into this world-famous traveler—and that's saying a lot!

In test runs it averages *thousands* of miles' longer tread wear than previous models—a mileage step-up that assures many months' extra service on your car, *at no extra cost.*

Safety you can see

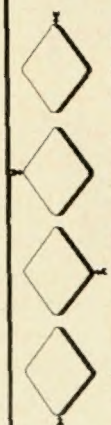
And it gives you a new measure of safety. Powerful, dependable traction, deep-molded into those sharp-edged diamonds that face in ALL directions — to check skidding at any angle.

By the ruler, these non-skid edges total 19 feet of grip in every single foot of the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather tread. In every foot of rubber tread *there's a 19-to-1 safety factor against tire-slip in any direction.*

Get this great tire now — while prices are still down—at the lowest cost per mile you've ever paid for first-line "G-3" All-Weather performance. See it at your dealer's, and you'll see why *"You get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

All-Weather — T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE POINTS OF THE ALL-WEATHER TREAD



FORWARD EDGES — *"brake" against road for quick stops on slippery pavements*

SIDE EDGES — *check side-slip on crowned roads and soft shoulders*

SIDE EDGES — *resist fantail skids when you brake in emergencies.*

REAR EDGES — *act like cleats for quicker starting; prevent spinning in mud and snow*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Beckhoff

Mary Jr: Oh! Hello, Mother . . . I didn't expect you.

Mary Sr: Obviously, darling! But why didn't you *ask* to use my perfume?

Mary Jr: I guess it was the name on the bottle that got me: *"Fatal Evening"!* I'm sick of being a wallflower. A girl's *got* to have a *little* appeal—or *something.*

Mary Sr: You don't know how right you are! And the "something" *you* need doesn't come in pretty glass bottles! The way you've been eating lately! What can you expect if you don't get your vitamins? Vitamins for pep! A little *"pep appeal"* will do more for you than all the perfumes in Paris!

Mary Sr: And right here's where you make a start toward getting your vitamins. You must have them *all,* you know, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones, B_1 and D.

Mary Jr: Hey! This is the best cereal I ever tasted! If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch what a change there's going to be in me!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE UNIONS

TURLOCK, CALIF.—There is another side to this union question (Westbrook Pegler and Matthew Woll articles, May 24 Liberty) and that is the fellows in between. The consumers, the white-collar classes, the office girls, the children, the pensioners, and the shopkeepers. This great in-between group that pays the bill or is hurt by strikes and lockouts.

In business we have to please the customers. Now let the customers speak on the kind of a civilization we want—not what we are being forced to put up with.—*Dr. C. W. Farmer.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Mr. Woll sounds like a union official, not a union member.

Unions were started in the beginning for the altruistic purpose of creating better conditions for the worker. Great strides have been made—but now altruism is out, and greed is in its place.

It is now time to protect the worker from the unions—and not only the worker but this country as well. For unionism will be an *ism,* and a dangerous one, if not checked.—*F. E. D.*

DENVER, COLO.—Fourteen years ago I started construction work at thirty cents per hour. In four years I worked up to fifty cents. I am doing the same work today that I did ten years ago, and I make $1.43 per hour.

I don't believe in Santa Claus, even though some famous writers in the pay of anti-union organizations would lead me to believe such childish patter.—*J. M. Gleeson, International Union of Operating Engineers.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Now just what would Westbrook Pegler, a columnist, know about unions, anyway? One doesn't follow the movement by reading the papers. You start at the bottom, mingling with the members—they know the arguments pro and con. We, the majority in the shop, are the union. No leadership was forced on us. On the contrary, we sought leadership with legal brains to match the forces of management—*Harold F. Troeger, U. M. W.-C. I. O., Dist. 50.*

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POP

MUNCIE, IND.—Regarding my husband's local, I know that through contract it raised my husband's wages from grievously below living wage to somewhat nearer normal. The dues do not come anywhere near the increase in wages. Also, although it employs the check-off system, the signing of such cards is entirely voluntary.—*Mrs. W. S.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mr. Woll weakens his case with the implication that any criticism of labor is unjust because wrongs committed by the unions are either due to misunderstanding or plain misinformation.

He should take into account, which he definitely does not, that public opinion has always been the main weapon of labor groups, and when that good opinion begins to break, whether it is justified or not, labor is being extremely short-sighted to laugh it off scornfully.—*D. E.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The average laborer who gets about eighty cents an hour seems to forget that the average American soldier who gets about twenty-one dollars a month is ready to die for the country these laborers call home.

Here's hoping that a little patriotism can be instilled in these strikers, so that they will work a little more for the defense of their country and a little less for personal profit.—*C. Martin.*

BOULDER, COLO.—Labor strikes aren't going to interfere much in the defense program. The real trouble is the strike of money and a few renegade politicians against the administration. This strike has been going on for nine years now. Labor has never been on strike. A few laborers have struck, yes; but labor, never. When labor strikes, we will all be through. There is only one man in the United States who is big enough and fair enough to pass on the question of labor—our President.—*Pearl Miller.*

SWEATERS WILL BE WORN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In Liberty's Twenty Questions for May 31 (page 16) No. 12 reads: "What feminine garment can no longer be worn by stars in the pictures, by order of the Will Hays office?"

On page 53 the answer to question No. 12 is given as follows: "Sweaters."

The truth is, no such order has been issued.

Doubtless the question was included through an inadvertence, because all of us long have been aware of your eminent fairness, and I know you will take steps to have this error corrected.—*Carl E. Milliken, Director, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.*

[The answer in Liberty was taken from sources believed to be authentic. We are glad to publish this correction. It will be an item of welcome news to many of Lana Turner's fans.—ED.]

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The Advantage is with Gordon's

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DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
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BECAUSE...

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Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

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"I just Adore being waited on!"

There's something pleasantly warming about the friendly home-like atmosphere of Pullman . . . about the courteous service, the hospitable attention to your slightest needs.

There's something splendidly comfortable about Pullman's roominess and truly hotel-like conveniences.

There's something mighty reassuring about knowing you're on the world's safest form of transportation.

Add up all seven of Pullman's outstanding advantages (*see the list below*) and you'll see that a dollar buys more on Pullman than on any other form of transportation.

So . . . if you like being waited on, if you value your safety, comfort, convenience and privacy, why not go Pullman? *Your Rail-Pullman ticket promises a carefree trip!*

7 Great Pullman Travel Advantages

SAFETY *greater than any other form of transportation! . . . You're protected by Rail-Pullman's famous safety system.*

DEPENDABILITY *. . . and convenience . . . unmatched! Fast, frequent schedules, regardless of the weather.*

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SLEEP, *in a real bed, as at home. In air-conditioned comfort. Arrive feeling fit!*

Ask Ticket Agent about new Travel-Credit Plan . . . and about Pullman Grand Circle Plan for seeing the entire country at a low bargain rate!

It's smart to go

Pullman

. . . the "1st Class" way to Travel

MORALS OF YOUNG NEGRESSES

CHICAGO, ILL.—In George Jean Nathan's article If You Are Writing a Play (May 17 Liberty) is this paragraph:

"Some young Negresses have just as high moral standards when it comes to sex as some young white girls. It is time playwrights appreciated the fact."

I am taking off my hat to the courage and fair-mindedness that led Mr. Nathan to make that statement.

Like everybody else who lives in this country, the colored people are blessed; yet in many ways they have a hard row to hoe. The row, however, becomes a little less difficult whenever a white man of Mr. Nathan's class and importance makes such a statement either in print or from the platform.—*James R. Harris.*

Beverly Hills' Movie Guide
Will be found on Page 37

CALLS FOR "ONE-WAY" CORRIGAN

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.—It would seem that a fellow who flies the Atlantic at once becomes the last word in international affairs, military as well as political. I humbly suggest that "One-Way" Corrigan be given a chance to air his views. At least his advice would have a little blarney in it!—*Charles Coleman.*

TAX POLICY WILL DESTROY

HOUSTON, TEX.—The tax policy of the present Washington regime is based on Communistic theories designed to destroy. Karl Marx proclaimed a system of taxation for capitalistic countries (1) to destroy all property rights; (2) to graduate excessive income-tax rates up to and including the point of confiscation; and (3) to destroy all rights of inheritance. So, you see, "they planned it that way."—*Vance Muse.*

"Now that we own our home, whom do we complain to?"

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

TO A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

☆ TO General William Mitchell,
Wherever his spirit may be.

Dear Billy:

Today British airplanes sank one of the greatest battleships of modern times—Germany's Bismarck.

But it was more than the Bismarck that went to the bottom of the sea. The steel mastodon carried with her to a watery grave the myth of the superiority of sea power over air power.

That would be no news to you, Billy!

Back in 1921 your aviators flew over a ship and dropped bombs on it and sank it. With what result? The Army let you go. You had the courage to sound a stern warning to the American people that the Army was woefully backward in aviation, and so they kicked you out!

As I read the news dispatches, I thought of our first meeting in Washington, early in 1926. You were already in disgrace. You told me then that the peace of Versailles was no peace at all but only a breathing space between rounds. You were certain that another war was coming, and that its decisive battles would be fought in the air. You predicted that the United States would ultimately be the richest prize in that war. You argued that the Atlantic and the Pacific were no longer barriers of protection but merely space over which swarms of flying fortresses could come at us.

In the years that followed you wrote bravely and with vision, in the pages of this magazine. Here are some of the things you said in Liberty:

"Our effort to build an adequate air service has been arrested principally by the Army and Navy." January 16, 1926.

"Our national defense has been modernized in no essential particular since the Civil War. . . . It is immersed in a sea of bunk and politics." June 27, 1931.

Why didn't we believe you?

"This is no time to listen to pacifist vaporings or the impotent communications of the League of Nations." January 30, 1932.

"We now find ourselves unprepared for modern war, either actually or theoretically. . . . It is high time we co-ordinated our defense and modernized it to . . . provide for our security." June 25, 1932.

"The future preservation of the independence of this country depends on air power." May 12, 1934.

Why didn't we take heed of what you said?

I remember, too, our last talk together, sitting at an open window and looking out at the sea. That was when you said that nothing could stem the tide of blood that was rising everywhere in the world, and you went on:

"We need tanks; we need a completely mechanized army; we need whole schools of submarines; and we need thousands upon thousands and more thousands of airplanes. Only then can we feel safe."

They called you a fanatic. Yet if you had had your way, the United States of America would now have an air force greater than any other in the world. We could have given England bombers and pursuit planes in such legions that they could long since have gone forward, driven back the Germans, carried the battle on to Europe and won the war.

Wherever you are now, Billy, in whatever American Valhalla there may be where heroes and prophets and patriots foregather, you would not say, "I told you so." Rather you would say:

"It is late, but not too late. There is yet time to do what must be done."

There *is* still time for us to forget greed, selfishness, and indifference; to unite our vast resources and powers in one mighty American effort to meet the peril that you foresaw so long ago.

Meanwhile, Billy, America remembers—and misses you!

FULTON OURSLER.

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READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—A SHOWMAN IS BORN

☆ ALMOST half a century ago a Russian immigrant boy named Joe Schenck quit his job in a Passaic, New Jersey, wire factory because the boss wouldn't raise his pay of four dollars a week. On April 24 last, the same Joe Schenck was sentenced to three years in a federal penitentiary after having been charged with paying $400,000 less than was due in income taxes for the years 1935, 1936, and 1937.

In the fifty years since his Passaic days, Joe Schenck has cut an incredible swath. His life has been freighted with as much action, thrills, drama, love, and heartbreak as anything Hollywood has ever filmed. It's a rags-to-riches tale, the Schenck story, if ever there was one. Here is a man who came up the hard way to become chairman of the board of the vast Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, California chairman and national vice-chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and a leader in Red Cross and innumerable other charitable activities. Yet, allegedly, he paid or loaned Willie Bioff, convicted Hollywood labor czar and former Chicago pander,

ILLUSTRATOR
FELIX SCHMIDT

BY ALAN HYND

Two Chinese, victims of a hatchet man, were brought in, squealing and bleeding.

$100,000 when Bioff threatened to tie up $100,000,000 worth of movie production.

Filmland knows Joe Schenck as a big-time executive by day and a big-time gambler by night who has for years been synonymous with big-time money, taking it when it came his way, shrugging when it didn't. If Joe walked out of an all-night poker session $50,000 to the good, the chances were better than even that his winnings would eventually go to almost a hundred Hollywood old-timers on his private charity list. Naturally, when filmland heard that the T-men had built up an income-tax case against Joe, it could hardly have been more astonished.

Joe, one-time husband of Norma Talmadge, erstwhile fiancé of Merle Oberon, and former directing genius of the high-voltage gaming casino at Agua Caliente, Mexico, is the man who talked Will Hays into resigning from the Postmaster Generalship and coming to Hollywood to keep the movies clean. Joe is also the man who owned the opulent private dwelling at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Fuller Street where, in July, 1937 (without his knowledge), the Wertheimer boys, Lou and Al, knocked out partitions and set up an elaborate gambling enterprise. Joe is the man who originated the March of Dimes idea which did so much to raise money for the Infantile Paralysis Foundation. As such, he became friendly with President Roosevelt, who calls him by his first name. And it was Joe who won $25,000 on Roosevelt's election in 1936 and neglected to tell the Treasury Department about it.

Liberty had me fly from New York to California to get the untold facts about the life of Joe Schenck. The first person I tackled was Schenck himself. He is now over sixty. He doesn't know his exact age because the village in Russia where he was born kept no birth records. He was to try in vain to get his birth year from his aged mother. At first all she would tell him was that he had been born on Christmas. Later she changed the year from time to time, always making him younger, because she didn't want him to get old.

Schenck is of medium height, stocky and powerful. One look at the man, and you know instinctively why he landed at the top of the heap. "Sure," he told me, "I'm guilty in this income-tax business—guilty of carelessness. Every man makes some sort of contribution to the jam that he is in. My contribution has been carelessness." Uncle Sam claims otherwise, particularly with regard to a complicated stock-loss deal in 1935, which was one of the items that caused the jury to bring in the verdict that Schenck is now appealing. He was found guilty on two counts charging evasion aggregating $253,692, and acquitted on one evasion count and a charge of conspiracy. From 1935 through 1937 he paid $636,000 in federal and state taxes.

One thing is clear: If Joe Schenck was careless (he says somebody else made out the returns and he signed them without examining them), that would be in keeping with the man's whole background regarding money matters. For he is a product of a careless era, of the New York of the turn of the century — the lavish, gaudy Gotham of hundred-dollar tips to waiters, of millionaire stage-door Johnnies, of champagne in golden slippers.

Tammany Hall was riding herd on Manhattan and the Bronx in those big-money days. Graft was a matter of course. In places like Coney Island, where the money rolled in almost as fast as it could be counted, the Tammany collectors, whom Joe Schenck came to know, were regarded as a necessary evil.

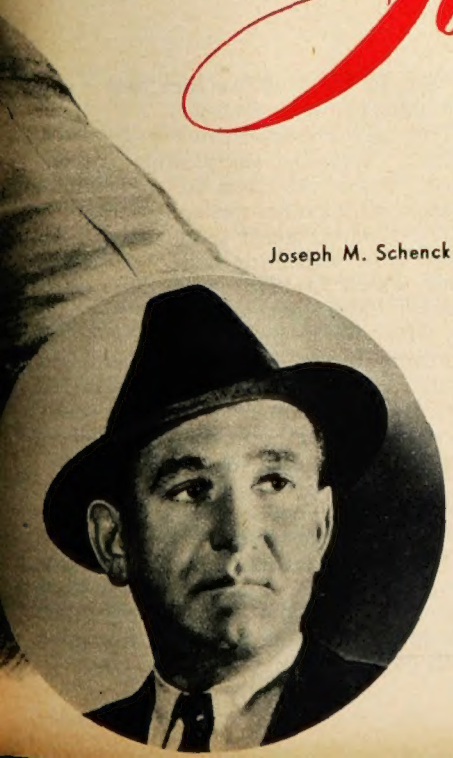
"You know," said Joe, as we sat looking out over the mountains from the veranda of his cottage at Arrowhead Springs, a two-hour drive from Hollywood, "getting into the kind of jam I'm in now would never have bothered me twenty years ago. You see, I've always made it a point to profit from any experience in life, whether pleasant or unpleasant. For example, after I had spent the pleasantest years of my life as the husband of Norma Talmadge and one morning at breakfast she told me she was in love with another man, I profited from that, even though my heart was hurt. It showed me how honest a woman could be and it gave me a new understanding of a certain phase of life. It would be the same with this income-tax business if I were still young enough to profit. But maybe, if you tell my whole story, some one else can learn a lesson.

"I'm over sixty now, just how much over I don't know, and I don't know, either, how many more years are left ahead of me. Maybe not many. So I

(Continued on page 45)

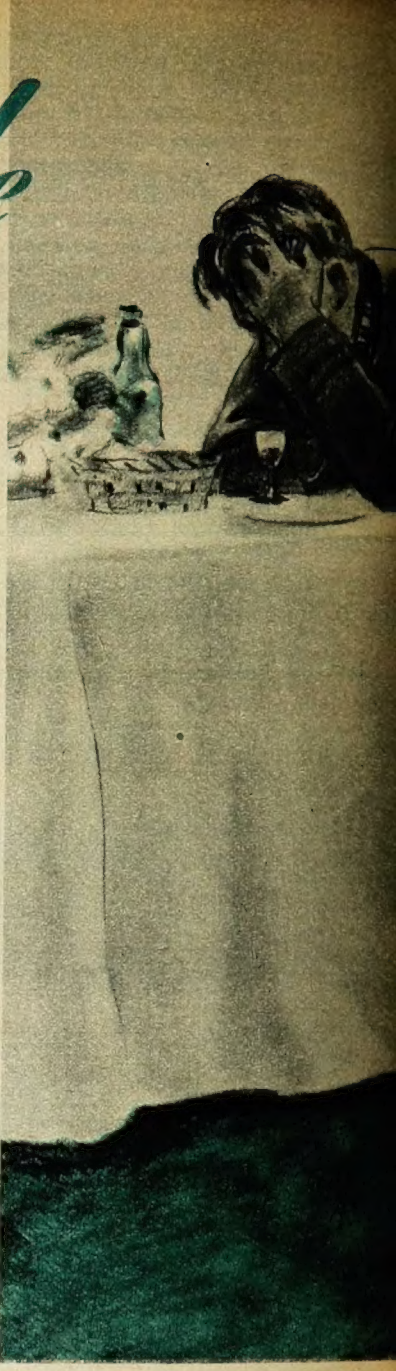
The Rise and Fall of *Joseph Schenck*

From rags to riches . . where next?— Here's the graphic, colorful true story behind an amazing American career



Joseph M. Schenck

Mademoiselle Marie



READING TIME • 37 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

☆ SOME sixty miles north of Paris, before the country flattens into the plains of Picardy and Flanders, lie the remains of immemorial forests. At the present day four or five large fragments of these forests cluster around pretty brown-and-white towns, easily connected to the metropolis by good trains.

The somber masses of oaks, firs, and beeches dip over high ridges and stop short of a narrow valley where the strangest town in all of France stands. Chanteloup-aux-Roses is situated on a hummock in the center of the gorge. The city is still enclosed by a high belt of masonry built by Caesar's legions after the Romans had defeated the inhabitants, who were Gauls.

Chanteloup in the course of its long history had been invaded many times. The Romans, Goths, Merovingians, the Normans, English, and Armagnacs had in turn won and lost the province without managing to retain the city. No conqueror ever stayed long in the quiet little town which had learned to defend itself by being small and unimportant, by hiding grain and cattle under their great square Roman tower, and praying in the little time-worn church.

Presenting no strategic or connective advantages, Chanteloup-aux-Roses waited a full fortnight after the armistice before being occupied by the Germans. The enemy forces, two battalions, marched in as best they could and filed through the narrow streets between closely shuttered houses. The *Kommandant* went straight to the *mairie* and his keen gray eyes, fixed on a bust of the republic, questioned the mayor. The latter, a dignified old man in a frock coat, stood, having refused a seat. A man who had worked as gardener in Chanteloup for two years, passing for a Swiss and in reality a German spy, stood by Mayor Legrange ready to corroborate or contradict his report.

The examination took place in the *salle des fêtes*, where the mayor married the townspeople. The Kommandant spoke with the condescending affability of a conqueror who expects no trouble from an imbecile foe. The mayor answered frankly in an almost disinterested manner, as though the disaster which had befallen his country were not much his business.

Yes, imbeciles, thought the Kommandant. Aloud he continued: "You say five hundred inhabitants? Correct. How many absent?"

"Seventy-three, all soldiers."

"Ah, yes; prisoners or killed. . . . Any one else away?"

"No, we stayed here."

"What do you do with yourselves? Any trade, commerce, business?"

"One industry—we grow roses."

"Roses!" repeated the Kommandant impatiently. "Roses! When we work sixteen hours a day for you, for a new order, with work and joy for all, this town grows roses!"

The mayor said nothing.

"I tell you, monsieur, that in the whole of my campaigns, beginning with Poland, I have never met such frivolity. It is high time we Germans taught you how to live."

The mayor swallowed a retort which might have cost the town a fine of several thousand francs. The spy drew the Kommandant aside and whispered something. The German listened and positively beamed at the mayor. "Why didn't you tell me that you export rose plants to all parts of the world?"

"I said it was an industry."

"Then the town must have a large correspondence?"

"Yes, that is so."

"And one extending over many years?"

"That is correct."

"And among the letters," the Kommandant could not repress his excitement, "some must have rare stamps?"

"Yes, the children have fine enough collections," replied the mayor. This was what *he* considered frivolity, so he added nothing.

The Kommandant struggled with his dignity. A man in his position could not insist too much . . . yet what an opportunity! He waited, hesitated, then burst out, "I wish to see some of your stamps."

"They are private property," said the mayor.

"But in view of the fact that I can commandeer everything . . ."

The mayor looked innocently at the officer. "Perhaps the stamps are not here. Some relatives in unoccupied France might have desired them."

The Kommandant gave the spy an order and sent him from the room; after which he addressed the mayor gently: "My dear monsieur, I would not like you to imagine an Aryan as anything but a superior and upright being. I meant to quarter a hundred men in the gendarmerie. Supposing, in view of your honorable reputation, that I only left half that number?"

"I have one or two interesting specimens from Mauritius," said the mayor, half to himself.

"From Mauritius. . . . Of course things would be different if you were responsible for the behavior of Chanteloup." The Kommandant trembled with eagerness.

By Helen Fawley

(which is not the author's real name. It is famous, but for reasons explained in Liberty last week she can not sign it.)

A vivid, eloquent tale of humor and wit and courage the Nazis cannot kill

"The truth is," confessed the mayor, "that we have our little habits here. We are old; new faces frighten us. . . . If a couple or so soldiers were quartered in Chanteloup, it would be less trying. . . . By chance, I have on me several stamps which might interest you." He took out his wallet and drew from it an envelope which he threw on the table. He murmured, "Pardon," to some invisible being.

The officer spread the stamps before him; they were all old and valuable. Some he had never seen before, much less dreamed of possessing. He selected three embossed Queen Victorias, issue 1841; a precious but shoddy specimen from Uruguay, 1856; another of the same date from Portugal. "As you freely presented them, I will accept your gift, monsieur," he announced. "And this seals your agreement to collaborate with the Reich?"

"I gladly offer you my stamps in exchange for your promise to quarter two or three soldiers here instead of a hundred."

"And I will keep my word." The Kommandant rose and bowed. "Five men with machine guns can hold the town. You will not object to my quartering fifty members of the Gestapo here instead of my men? They have a good deal of work to do in the vicinity. Perhaps to citizens with clear consciences, the presence of our police will not be objectionable."

The mayor at once realized the horror of the situation, but he showed no anger; rather, he gave a little laugh. "Unless they have a passion for Cape of Good Hope stamps or for ugly little specimens from British Guiana. You have played a trick on me and it is too excellent for me to forget."

(*Continued on page 49*)

Painted for Liberty by Leon Gordon

What

BY ALISON BARNE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Liberty asked an English workingwoman to tell America the story of Ernest Bevin, the first man who has ever dared to conscript feminine labor in Britain; the man whose job it is to find the men for Britain's army, navy, and air force, to staff its war factories with men and women. Here is that story as she has told it in response to Liberty's request.

☆ "WINSTON will win us the war. Only Ernie Bevin can save the peace."

It was a factory manager who said that to me a few days before Ernest Bevin became boss of British labor. It is an opinion I have heard repeated over and over again since then. Bevin is heavily tipped as the next Premier, the first real Labor Prime Minister Britain has ever had, the only possible successor to Churchill.

They have a lot in common, these two—the farmer's boy who went to work at ten years old and the descendant of a great line of famous politicians. Bevin and Churchill are both of the bulldog breed—ruthless, tenacious. They are rebels, individualists. It needed Hitler to give them both their chance of leadership.

J. B. Priestley sums up the Labor Minister in a phrase—"the vast yeoman frame of Bevin." Like Churchill, Bevin is bulky, heavy-looking, with an impressive array of chins and a formidable expression until suddenly his great infectious grin breaks through. But whereas Churchill's clothes—the famous hats planted squarely on his head, the spotted bow tie, the walking stick—are all part of his politics, Bevin's suggest that he bought them under the impression he was putting on weight and then went on a diet.

His eloquence, his manner, his whole rugged personality are almost as haphazard as his wardrobe. Both in public and in private he speaks as passionately as Churchill, but with none of the Prime Minister's oratory. He talks as he feels—with force and vigor or with cool judgment, but always with utter and sometimes almost embarrassing sincerity.

Only a few months ago he turned up to address a respectable middle-class audience in London. Somehow he mislaid his notes on the way. No one knows what flights of eloquence he had prepared, but he shocked his audience out of their apathy.

"It is not higher circles that have principally lost in France. It is not the Pétains, the Comité des Forges that have been thrown into concentration camps," he boomed. "It is *my* people—the trade-union leaders with whom until yesterday we were working so amicably. Where are they now? With every breath in my body I swear I shall work to avenge them."

His words reverberated like thunder. In a second the war had become a workers' war; the illusion that the British workingman had nothing much to lose from a Hitler victory had been disposed of with one mighty blow.

He rose like a prizefighter in the sedate Commons. "Let cynical bitterness and discontent get into the hearts of my army—then, by God, we've lost the war," he warned.

There is an Old Testament quality to his righteous wrath. He dismisses the dictators and all they stand for with a throaty growl of anger, in dramatic contrast to the steely scorn of Churchill's indictments.

Only his most intimate friends know that the vagaries of Bevin's pronunciation are due not to illiteracy but to sheer obstinacy. He demands a "tremenjous" effort and the word takes on new meaning. One day he swears that his people will "work like 'ell." The next day the missing "h" appears unexpectedly in the same word vehicle!

In the strict sense of the word, Bevin is no politician. He has no objection whatsoever to directing the policies of the Labor Party from the background; he has been doing that with conspicuous success from Transport House for years. But he chooses to frame policy, to direct operations not from the Opposition front bench, not even from Downing Street, but from the brain trust of the party at Trades Union Congress headquarters.

Ernest Bevin is Like

Close-up of a 1941 warrior at work! A candid study of the British labor leader

On the day he joined Churchill's government he had no seat in the House of Commons. He faced the first barrage of questions as a Minister of the Crown who represented nearly 5,000,000 trade-union members but who had never stood [been a candidate] for a parliamentary election.

He ambled to his first Cabinet meeting prepared to work with the very men whose policies he most detested—Churchill, who had forced a weakening government to break the General Strike; Beaverbrook, proprietor of "capitalist" newspapers; Halifax, a peer; Herbert Morrison, black sheep of the T. U. C. fold.

No longer could Bevin stand at the head of the workers to shout defiance at the employers and dictate his terms. He had become the arbitrator, and the highest tribute I can pay him is to make it clear that never was his impartiality questioned.

In half an hour he demanded from the workers the privileges it had taken him half a century to win for them. Then he rounded on the employers. The unions had opened their doors to unskilled labor, thrown overboard the cherished forty-hour week, surrendered their right to strike. Now it was the employers' turn. Bevin banned wage-cutting, increased pensions, compelled an employer to provide very good reason before he could sack one of his workmen.

The only person who can stand in his way to Downing Street is Ernest Bevin himself. He knows he is in the running, but he isn't trying. Personal popularity means nothing to him. His "mates" (and nowadays that includes the Prime Minister!) believe in him because they trust him, and that's all that matters to him.

Only the other day a man working in an armament factory told me of a recent visit Bevin had paid them. "He didn't stop to have a word with any of us. He found out what he wanted to know and went away again," he told me. "We didn't mind, because we know Ernie—when he's on a job he's too busy to talk to anybody—but he's his own worst enemy. He could be Prime Minister, but half the people have never seen him."

Neither the Minister nor the humblest messenger at the Ministry of Labor has any time to spare these days. When the demands of war killed the forty-hour week, Bevin himself was already putting in at least eighty hours at his office, staggering home every night well after nine with a huge pile of papers and documents and working on into the small hours of the morning. And the worst news you can give his secretaries is that the Minister has taken some time off. A week-end in the country or a quiet evening at home has dire results next day, when he produces a whole new plan of campaign worked out to the minutest detail. Millions of workers owe him their leisure hours, yet he himself has little need of leisure. His two relaxations are listening to the lighter classics played by an orchestra—and ballroom dancing.

He stands today as Strong Man No. 2 in the Cabinet largely as a result of a series of spectacular failures.

The first strike he organized was admittedly a success. That was a one-man show, way back when he was a farmer's boy of ten getting sixpence a week, and he got his wages doubled! Then in 1911 the newly formed National Union, with Ben Tillett and Bevin at its head, came out for its first big show and won. A year later the employers went back on the agreement they had reached. London's dockers came out on strike again, but their fellow workers in other ports turned a deaf ear to their demands for co-operation. The gains of 1911 were lost a year later. The employers made heavy demands, and Bevin declared that he would build a union strong enough to meet them on equal terms. He had seen that there could be no strength without unity.

The dock strike of 1924 should have been as great a blow as the General Strike that was to follow two years later. Bevin won the dockers considerable wage increases, but the trouble was that the government in power was a Labor one. "I wish it had been Tory," Bevin lamented. "We would not have been so frightened of them, but we were bound to listen to the appeal of our own people."

Then came the General Strike of 1926—nine days that paralyzed the life of Britain; nine days when the strikers' commander in chief lived on iron rations, sleeping on an average of three hours a night, drawing up campaigns just like a huge military operation, withdrawing wave after wave of workers. The whole might of the army, the police force, and thousands of volunteers was pitted against Bevin, but he never lost faith in the power of negotiation.

And when at last he capitulated to Prime Minister Baldwin, he did it with a magnificent gesture of dignity and defiance. He had been routed not by a Tory government but by one man—Churchill, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"It will be a godsend for this country if Churchill is out of office forever," he declared. "It is not that he is not brilliant, but it is not safe to leave the destinies of millions of people in the hands of a man with an unstable mind."

Bevin is shrewd as well as uncompromising. He cuts through nonessentials and throws convention to the winds. He must be one of the few people who have eaten a meal in public in the Royal Courts of Justice. Twenty years ago he was defending the rights of the dockers to a minimum daily wage. A weekly sum was given in evidence by a professor as being capable of feeding a working family of five. There was only one sure way for Bevin to win his point that such a sum was totally inadequate. He went out and bought the food, cooked it, and came back into court with his meal on a plate. Every day for twenty-one days he solemnly ate his dinner there, and in the end the professor ate his words.

You could live on it, admitted the professor—Ernest Bevin had done it—but if you had strenuous manual work to do, that might be different. Bevin left the court victorious with a pound or two knocked off his weight and a new honorary title—"the Dockers' K. C." Strangely enough, he objected. "I'm not the Dockers' K. C.," he protested. "I'm Ernest Bevin, P. C.—Counsel for the Proletariat." And when Baldwin tried to silence him with a season ticket for the House of Lords, he said, "I'd look bloody silly with a peerage, wouldn't I? Lord Bevin of Bermondsey, eh?"

His prophecies have a way of coming true. Listen to him in 1937 throwing a spanner into the government's hopes of an alliance with the Soviet:

(*Continued on page 57*)

Johannes Steel, famous radio commentator, has interviewed Ernest Bevin for Liberty. In next week's issue!

Yes—We Must Air-Condition America

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ THE old slogan about making America air-conscious is as obsolete as the Maginot Line. America must be air-*conditioned*.

For twenty years the struggle was merely to get people mentally awake to the airplane, aware of it, convinced it was here to stay—conscious of it.

The difference between being conscious of something and being conditioned to it is the difference between theory and practice. The boy who tunes his radio nightly to the Lone Ranger is conscious of the horse; but the farm lad who rides his pony to school every day is conditioned to it.

Air conditioning implies the use of the arms, the legs, and the head in some field of aviation, rather than use of nothing but the imagination.

The air is an unnatural element for man, and to be really at home in it he needs to be so habitually associated with it that he takes it as a matter of course.

A good parallel to this is the relationship of South Sea island people to the water. To them, swimming and boating are as necessary a part of their daily lives as walking on land.

On this basis the process of air conditioning may sound difficult. It is not, if we only go about it right. The CAA Program is the first "right" step; but its principles must be extended widely into our primary schools and high schools. Model building and flying, glider building and flying must be backed by the educational authorities on a large scale.

Piloting light power planes, the CAA Program has proved, is not difficult for college-age students. While the ratio of actual completions was slightly smaller due to other causes, here is the startling fact we have learned:

If you want to learn to fly and you are in the age group of college students and physically fit, the chances that you have sufficient aptitude to become a civilian flyer of light planes are twenty to one.

Of course the odds grow shorter as you get into advanced or military flying; what I refer to here is a private pilot's certificate.

Adolf Hitler, listening to such experienced airmen as Hermann Göring and Ernst Udet, realized years ago that air-consciousness was not enough. So his aviation brain trust set about *conditioning* Germany's rising generation for air conquest.

In the primary schools the simpler elements of aeronautics were taught and boys were encouraged to build and fly model airplanes. High-school and college boys were taught to build and fly gliders. Even schoolboy arithmetic problems were changed from men walking or driving a certain distance at a certain speed to men flying airplanes.

By mid-1938, when our government organized its first central agency for civil aviation (the Civil Aeronautics Authority), the German air-conditioning program had:

More than a million boys, *Hitler Jugend*, in the primary schools building model airplanes.

More than 100,000 boys in gliding and soaring camps.

Sixty-five thousand in training annually as pilots and mechanics, with a minimum of 25,000 being finished and put into the services.

In contrast to this, the United States was doing, officially, almost nothing.

We were woefully late in starting our pilot-training program. Nevertheless it was comforting recently to hear a Canadian official extolling the CAA Training Plan, which, he felt, had given the United States a full year's flying start over Canada in mass pilot training.

There is no point in trying to blame or condemn some one for what is past. A handful of air-wise Americans *were* trying to do something. Aviation organizations were encouraging model building, gliding, and the piloting of light planes. But they needed the strength and prestige of government support. Military flyers spoke as strongly as they dared, having before them the fate of General William Mitchell.

But the mills of democracy, like those of the gods, grind slowly. The Civil Aeronautics Authority wanted to start a federally supported pilot-training program, but such a thing never had been done in this country and there were no precedents for it.

There were two ways it could be organized. The first, favored by those of bureaucratic mind, was to keep it under complete federal control—to set up a few elaborate training centers built by the government, staffed by federal employees using government airplanes.

Some of us didn't like this method. We wanted a program that would be decentralized, that would carry aviation to the people rather than make the people come to aviation. We felt it was an educational matter, and there we found our precedent.

Federal funds were being spent through the Office of Education to support vocational training. Inquiry revealed that more than $20,000,000 was being spent per year to further about 1,200 vocational subjects. These ranged all the way from charm and personality in the home to woodworking, from budgeting to beauty culture. But aviation was not on the list.

We were sure that the nation's colleges could teach the ground courses—the theory—but we were equally sure they were not equipped to teach the actual flying. Who would do that?

Having been interested in a small Western flying school a good many years ago, I was aware, with others, that the country was studded from coast to coast with small commercial flying services. Less than a score of them were sufficiently strong and well enough equipped to rate a government certificate of approval for anything but the most elementary training.

Yet the men who ran and staffed these flying schools were the very backbone of the nation's civil aviation.

BY ROBERT H. HINCKLEY

of the Civil Aeronautics Administration and Assistant Secretary of Commerce

The CAA Training Plan brings aviation to America's youth.

Washington says we are right! . . . An echo of a recent Liberty editorial

They had the technical knowledge and the experience.

The proposal that the government should contract with small flying schools near the colleges to give the flight courses brought a storm of hoots down on our heads. We were told that the men who ran these schools were colorful but irresponsible adventurers, barnstormers, gypsies.

We didn't believe it. We knew these men loved aviation, and we believed that if they met our standards and were well supervised they could do a good job. We got all the advice we could. The army and navy air services were very helpful in setting up qualifications and laying out the courses. So were air-line pilots and officials, private flying organizations, and many others.

In the spring of 1939, with $100,000 allotted by the President from National Youth Administration funds, we tried out the plan experimentally, training about 300 private pilots in thirteen colleges. We were satisfied it would work, so we asked for an appropriation of $10,000,000 for the training of 20,000 fledgling pilots in fiscal year 1939-40.

The world didn't seem so upset at the time, and Congress authorized $4,000,000 with which, that year, we produced about 10,000 private pilots. This is the beginners' class among civil pilot licenses, and means that the holder has passed a seventy-two-hour ground course and at least thirty-five hours' flight in light planes.

The surprising things about the first year were numerous. First, we were swamped with applicants; we could have trained five times as many if we had had the money. Second, 435 colleges and universities installed the plan promptly and enthusiastically. Third, the much maligned flying schools set a safety record almost beyond belief: in that entire year there was but one student fatality.

Last May, Norway and Denmark already had been taken and the invasion of the Low Countries was under way. In this tense atmosphere the President asked—and Congress granted—an increase in our appropriation for pilot training in the current year *of more than 900 per cent!* The first year's $4,000,000 became, for the second year, $37,000,000. We were to create a huge reservoir of partly trained civilian pilots from which the armed forces could draw material for their own training.

Two weeks later, in similar vein, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker called for production at once of an air force of 150,000 military pilots and 750,000 men on the ground to service them.

Now, training pilots—even civilian beginners—is not as simple as shooting fish in a barrel. There must be proper textbooks and classrooms and supervision. Physical examinations must be thorough. All must be insured. There must be enough airplanes in good condition at the start and well maintained. There must be enough qualified instructors.

The miracle that has been worked this year in the CAA Civilian Pilot Training Program is unparalleled anywhere in the history of aviation. There are 945 training centers operating today—more than 700 in colleges and more than 200 noncollege. They are producing private pilots at the rate of more than 3,000 a month. They are taking the best of these through a more advanced course at the rate of 1,000 a month. They are seasoning, improving, and standardizing several hundred civilian flight instructors each month to replace the steady movement of instructors out of our program into other defense activities.

Students? To last year's 10,000 are being added more than 40,000 private pilots this fiscal year. Eight thousand of these have had the advanced course as well. Although the bulk of them still are in college, more than 6,000 already have volunteered for the army or navy air services and been accepted. Their service records are above average. They suffer less than one third as many "washouts" as boys without this training, and the navy has found that it often can save precious flying time by starting them beyond the first stage.

According to the official records of the armed forces, 22 per cent of all the flying cadets entering the army these days, and 27 per cent of those entering the navy, are CAA trainees. Moreover, the huge reserve of those still in college, but already partly trained, remains—a "second line" of alert, air-wise youngsters who possess the physical and educational requirements of the air services.

Large as the Civilian Pilot Training Program is, it is only one of several steps that are necessary if we are to air-condition the country's youth.

We started with college students because we started late: but that is "wrong end to." The start should be in the elementary schools. There—not through federal regimentation, but because educators and school trustees see the fundamental wisdom of it—elementary knowledge of aviation should be taught.

By this I mean no discourtesy to the sincere and unselfish persons who have struggled to foster this early air wisdom through private organizations. Because of their splendid efforts, about 2,000,000 youngsters are working with models in this country today. These organizations have been ahead of our educational system. But they could develop more rapidly if they had the support of the school authorities, and they should have it.

In our elementary schools the top-ranking 10 or 15 per cent of the pupils should be awarded, as prizes for excellence in scholarship, model-building kits. Progressively, the children should build models complete from plans—first powered by rubber bands, later by tiny model engines.

There are about 6,500,000 children in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. All of them should be taught the fundamentals of aviation and the theory of flight.

People will say, as they have said many times before, "Why teach aviation to a lot of kids who are not going to be flyers anyway?"

One answer is: You don't expect even a substantial percentage of the young people who now take elementary chemistry or physics to become professional chemists or physicists. You give these courses so that the students will have a better understanding of the world in which they live. Well, aviation is like chemistry. It is certain to occupy a major place in the world of these boys and girls, and they should know about it.

Another answer is: How do you know they are not going to be flyers? Two years ago there were only 25,000 civilian pilots in the United States. Today there are 100,000. After this

(*Continued on page 41*)

The two came closer to her, still smiling, and Jo knew that she had made no sound.

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ JO LANG, a young music teacher, fired from a school in Nevada because of a harmless incident involving a cigarette and a sixteen-year-old pupil who fell in love with her, takes a bus for St. Paul. There, she hopes, some money will be waiting for her from the estate of her uncle. On the bus, which has been almost entirely taken over by a group of millers on their way to a convention, she sits next to Dick Stowe, a young aviation engineer who is going to the New York offices of his company. Stowe and an elderly couple who have seats behind him and Jo are the only non-millers on the bus.

Shy and suspicious because of the publicity that surrounded the Nevada "scandal," Jo is nevertheless won over by Stowe's friendliness. He recognizes her from her newspaper pictures but seems to attach no great importance to the affair. The old couple are friendly too—especially so after Jo is almost knocked down by a car when she and the old lady are on their way to a rest room at a wayside stop.

Stowe wants Jo to go on with him to

New York and marry him, but she gets off at St. Paul after promising to look him up when she reaches New York. She writes his office address and telephone number on the flap of an empty pay envelope that dropped out of his bag when he opened it on the bus.

Her uncle, she discovers, left her nothing except a few worthless mementos—and an unused airplane pass to New York. She uses the pass and, eager to see Dick Stowe, goes to the bus terminal to meet him. He does not get off the bus, but the old couple do. Jo speaks to them, but they look right through her. Then, to her fright and amazement, she notices that the old man is carrying Dick's bag! She remembers suddenly that the old lady could easily have tried to *push* her under the car when she had her narrow escape. Have they, for some unknown reason, done away with Dick?

PART TWO—MILADY STEPS INTO NIGHTMARE

☆ JO'S fear, still quiet and muted, was pushed momentarily into the background by her curiosity. She was sure she was mistaken. It couldn't be Dick's bag; it couldn't even be the old couple! The ceiling of the crowded waiting room rose high and white and echoed the innumerable voices as a dull, passionless roar. The people, with their neutral faces, moved about, ignoring one another, diffusing like dust motes in a sunbeam. Each time Jo caught a view of the old people, as though to mock her, the first thing she saw was Dick's bag. She hurried her pace but could get no closer.

The old man, smiling with vague benignity, looked around. His gaze—the owlish gaze of a simple old man, somewhat confused and eager for a familiar face—swept about the room, paused for a flickering moment on the clock, continued past the newsstand, over the unseeing faces, and then came to rest on Jo. For a second that pulsed in time like a pumping artery, his eye caught hers; but she continued to walk still closer. The old man's eyes seemed as sightless as those of a marble head. He looked away, and he and the woman continued to walk toward the exit. The door swung and they were gone.

Like so many obstacles that must be passed but cannot be touched, people crossed and recrossed her path. Jo finally reached the door which led out into Eighth Avenue. The old lady was inside a cab, and the man stood on the sidewalk, about to close the door. He carried Dick's bag in his hand. As soon as Jo came out of the depot, he stopped talking to the driver and slammed the door. The cab pulled away. The old man walked down Eighth Avenue, still deliberately, with apparent slowness, but always in the center of a group of office-bound workers.

She would lose him for a second while crossing a street, but by rushing past the moving cars she managed to keep him in sight. It seemed as though she were gaining on him, when he suddenly disappeared. But Jo kept on for half a block more. She was sure that he was somewhere in a crowd of people that would break up at any moment to reveal him still on his way. The groups dissolved and re-formed in the flowing dance, with no sign of him. Finally she stopped, thoroughly perplexed. She looked across the wide street, thinking he might have crossed the avenue in trying to double back. Still no sign. She had lost him completely.

Jo had no clear idea why she was following him or why he was running away, which he obviously was. It was a dreamlike chase with no apparent purpose, but filled with all the nuances of feeling that make the dream an emotional experience. Finally she decided to return to the bus station.

He was standing in the doorway, ten feet from her, watching every move she made. As she turned and saw him, her breath caught and for a fraction of a second she was paralyzed by shocked surprise. He still wore the calm benign expression, and his lips were twisted ever so slightly into the guileless, apologetic pattern. But now, in his eyes, besides the imperturbable friendliness, a sign of impatience flickered. He watched her for that suspended second without changing his expression.

"Just a minute—" Jo said. But she made no sound. She was too surprised and frightened to talk. She started to cross to him, and he seemed to wait; but his eyes darted from side to side, seeking an escape.

Jo was pushed aside in a sudden gush from the subway and she was caught in its eddy. The man was gone again. He walked back uptown, as the rushing crowd held her back. He was almost half a block away before she could move after him.

He stood at the corner for a moment as the green uptown bus swerved in to the curb. With the few people already standing there, he seemed to be sucked into the open door, and Jo raced to make it. She was about to step up into the crowded bus when a heavy woman got in her way.

The woman was of medium height and very stolid; the mannish suit she wore only added to her massiveness. Jo tried to push past her, but the woman turned on her impatiently. Her square doughy face was irate.

"There's no rush," she said sharply. "I'm trying to sort out my change."

Jo turned to look inside the bus, and saw the old man politely edging his way to the rear. Finally the broad woman got on, with Jo at her heels. The bus was jammed, and people stood tightly packed in the aisles.

Thrills . . . An exciting novel of a bewildered girl caught in the web of a strange and sinister adventure

Footsteps behind her

BY MITCHELL WILSON

Jo dropped a coin in the box and tried to edge her way toward the old man, who stood near the side exit.

"That's a dime you put in, miss," the driver said. "The fare is only a nickel."

She heard the voice but paid no attention to his meaning. Jo had become so accustomed to overhearing snatches of conversation that she never thought it might be meant for her. It was the square woman who brought her up.

"You people who are always in such a rush are the very ones who mix up everybody," she said sharply. "Next time be more careful."

Jo was annoyed at this foolish distraction.

"I meant no harm," she protested. "I didn't know what the fare was, that's all. I thought it was ten cents."

☆ ALL the passengers stared at Jo dumbly, swaying from side to side with the swing of the bus.

The congealing traffic solidified, and the bus froze to a halt again. The door opened, and Jo felt the push of new passengers behind her. The square woman's head was level with Jo's eyes, and when the woman moved impatiently, Jo saw past her for a moment. The old man was getting out of the side entrance.

Jo struggled violently, and pushed her way to him with all her strength, but the other woman continued to obstruct her, actually forcing her back.

"For goodness' sake, young lady—" she grumbled, but Jo twisted past her. She got to the entrance at almost the same time as the man, but they were wedged into place as the woman came between them.

Again Jo found herself staring into his face; and although this was only the second time she had taken a good look at him, she knew every feature by heart. The little wrinkles around his eyes were familiar now, as were the tiny pinched nostrils and the slight bulb on his nose. And the eyes were no longer smiling. They frightened her with the pure viciousness she saw there.

Then he broke free. He stepped down to the sidewalk and walked downtown at a brisk pace without looking back. Jo tore herself free from the woman and went after him, her heart still pounding from the moment of contact. She didn't want to be doing this. It was terrifying to chase a man she feared and with no tangible reason to pursue. All the time she found herself dreading the moment when she might actually stop him. She hadn't the faintest idea of what she'd say, but somehow she knew that, whatever it was, his answer, whether a word or an act, would be terrifying.

He was striding along now with a new freedom, both his arms swinging, and it suddenly dawned on Jo that he was no longer carrying the bag.

She stopped dead from shock. She had been so intent on following him that her attention had been diverted from the one thing in which she was interested—Dick's bag. Involuntarily she turned to look at the bus on which the bag had been left. It was moving away slowly in the loosening traffic, and she could no longer catch it.

Then Jo saw the bag. The square woman was carrying it as she stepped into a cab on the crosstown street. Jo saw the stubby body swing forward into the taxi. A stocky leg stepped up, and then the bag and the other leg disappeared behind the closing door. At the same time as Jo heard the slam the cab shot ahead.

A wave of sensation that was sheer hopeless perplexity swept over Jo. She suddenly felt listless and exhausted. She looked back, and the man was gone also. She stood there stupidly for a moment, and then walked downtown in the same direction he had gone.

She was impelled to do this against her will. There was no longer any desire to follow him; she wanted to be quit of the whole thing, to be free again. And yet there was no place where she could be free or even feel at ease until she learned what had happened to Dick.

Jo walked up and down the few blocks, peering into drugstores and cafeterias, stopping for a moment as her eye would catch a coat collar or a hatbrim which she remembered as the old man's. There would be a breathless second as the man turned about and became no one in particular.

In the end she returned to the bus station. There was always the possibility that Dick had arrived while she was out of the station, or even that he might have taken the train from some point along the way. Jo looked in her bag, and found the small envelope with Dick's number on the flap. She went to a telephone booth and dialed.

"Corbus Company." The operator's voice was cold and civilized.

"Hello," Jo said. "I'd like to speak to Mr. Richard Stowe."

"Just a moment, please." There was a pause for a moment in which Jo began to have hopes. "What was that name again?"

"Stowe; Richard Stowe," Jo repeated. "I think he's in the designing department."

"Hold the line a minute, please."

☆ THERE was a long wait this time. She strained her ear in the hope that she might hear some conversation, but there was nothing.

She stared at the mouthpiece, at the list of exchanges posted on the wall, and then at the people walking about outside. Her gaze was aimless and had no focus. Then she found herself staring into the face of a huge mountain of a man standing some feet away. Something held her gaze to him, and she was aware of it dimly without caring, and then she realized that they were staring into each other's eyes, and that it was his scrutiny that compelled her own.

He was watching her dispassionately, studying her, it seemed, from some private point of view. His clothes were conventional and his gray hat was a soft felt. The man's face was rounded at the cheeks and plump at the chin, but there was no softness there. He shifted his weight slightly and began to walk toward her slowly.

He had come between her and the lights, and Jo sat in the booth, darkened by his shadow.

A voice spoke to her from the receiver, but Jo was unable to make sense of it. Something of the man's intent was becoming clear to her, and she had the feeling of being trapped in the booth. The people who walked about behind him were out of reach; they weren't even on her side. All the crowd did was afford him a hiding place in their lack of interest.

"Hello." The telephone voice was impatient.

He was standing directly in front of the booth now, watching her with a cold, vacant gaze. It was the same expression with which the old couple had passed her on the bus platform. It was as though Jo no longer existed.

☆ "HELLO!" The voice this time snapped at Jo, insistent and demanding.

"Yes," Jo said slowly, and then her consciousness coagulated quickly about the voice. "Yes. May I speak to Mr. Stowe?"

The booth was flooded with light as the shadow was withdrawn. Jo had no time to look up to see what had happened. The voice came back, answering her.

"There is no such person as Richard Stowe employed here," the operator said. There was no room for argument.

"But just a minute," Jo pleaded. All this confusion was senseless and somehow foreboding. She had to explore the situation as far as she could to reassure herself that somewhere there was logic. "He may not be there yet, but isn't he expected today? He's being transferred from San Diego."

Jo glanced over her shoulder. The man was gone.

"We have no record of a Mr. Richard Stowe." The operator's voice was cool and insistent. "We have no record of any employees unless they are already registered at this plant. Mr. Stowe would not be registered until after he arrived. We have no further information. Good day."

A click cut Jo off.

Her loneliness was now concrete. The one thread that might have tied her to a friend had just been torn. The small booth took on the aspects of a haven. There were no secret corners in it; she could see every part, even into the shadows about her feet. She kept the door closed. Outside there was nothing for her, no place to go. There was the same reluctance about opening the door as a child feels when he is suddenly awakened in a strange room. He is afraid even to turn about in his bed, for fear that some great black shadow will begin to move.

A sharp rap on the glass made her look up. Outside a young couple, with smiles on their faces, waited impatiently. Jo opened the door.

"Are you through with your calls?" the young man asked pleasantly. A small pile of bundles was at his feet. "It's the baby's feeding time and we want to call home and see if everything is all right."

Jo looked at them for a second. There was something apologetic about their smiles, apologetic and yet a little defiant, as though to say, "Of course we're silly to worry about the child, but then, that's the way we are, and what of it?"

This is the way I should be, Jo thought. This is what I should be worrying about; this is the sort of young man I should be with. This is what I want. This is why I left Hickok for St. Paul, and St. Paul for New York. This is what Dick promised me.

And instead she had found terror and perplexity. The mass of human beings had seemed to shut her out. Their lack of interest as they sauntered past was a cell about her.

Jo rose from the little seat, smiling slightly.

"Of course I'm through. I'm sorry to have held you up."

She walked across the waiting room without looking to either side. She went to the baggage room and took her coat and bag from the checking man.

It was almost noon now, and Jo was getting hungry. She decided to buy a newspaper and look through the advertisements for a room. Over a sandwich and a cup of coffee in the waiting-room lunch bar, she saw an ad for a room only a few blocks away. The adjectives describing the room were the usual ones; what struck her was the fact that a piano was available.

☆ JO left the station with her sense of uncertainty somewhat abated. Although nothing had changed in the expressions of the noon crowd, the sinister intent was gone for a moment. She walked over to Broadway, and the sound of the traffic settled down on her. It was disjointed—the bark of a horn, the cough of a motor, snatches of conversation about her, the brassy blare from a music-shop phonograph. Periodically there was the rumble of a subway beneath, but far and away the most persistent sound was the human voice. It was male, then female, sibilant and hoarse, the accent always changing, the sense always trivial and heard before. The voices lingered on as though messages were being whispered to her. On the side street there was sudden stagnation and comparative quiet. The house which was advertised was a three-story brick affair.

The quiet about her and the lack of crowds renewed her sense of disquiet. By stepping out of the traffic she felt exposed and unprotected. She hurried up the steps and rang the bell, feeling a sense of urgency which grew as there was no response. Jo turned around to see the people behind her, but their innocent disinterest could have been a mask. She was looking mainly for a tall man, a man with a gray felt hat. She sensed that there had been nothing accidental in that encounter. The door opened suddenly, and the landlady stood there, blocking the entrance. She looked Jo over.

"I'm Mrs. Purvis," she said. She seemed to be a middle-aged Minnie Mouse.

Jo walked past her into the dark hall, and Mrs. Purvis watched her curiously. The security Jo had been looking for was not here. Instead of reassuring her, the closing door shut out the daylight too suddenly.

She was shown the room on the second floor front, which was furnished in cheerful but hideous taste. All about her were yellow and blue flounces, red bows, lacy lampshades. There were pictures of tastily dressed

"I just wanted to see if both shoulders are touching."

nymphs ogling each other across the room. Red, white, and blue primroses chased faded daisies all over the wallpaper, hemming them in, blocking every avenue of escape from the floor to the white plaster ceiling across which flowed an outline of the Amazon River and its tributaries.

Sunlight streamed into the room and the pale yellow was lost in the Navaho rug. As Jo looked out of the windows, she saw a taxi parked across the street, but some one was sitting in back. Jo couldn't tell whether it was a man or a woman; all she could see was the shadowed paleness of a face that peered up at the building. The watching eyes, no more than black holes from this distance, made Jo feel cornered.

"My best single room," Mrs. Purvis was saying. "It's fourteen dollars."

"It's too much," Jo said abruptly, seizing the first excuse that came to her mind. She turned and walked out, squeezing past Mrs. Purvis. "Besides, the room you advertised had a piano."

She started down the steps at a decent pace, but the landlady was ahead of her. She detoured Jo into the living room, smiling quietly as though in apology.

"None of the rooms has a piano," she said, "but they all have piano privileges."

"What do you mean?" Jo asked.

"In the back room—I call it the conservatory—we have a piano, and any one who cares to can play. That's piano privileges. Just like kitchen privileges. Do you play well?"

Jo shrugged and started for the door again. Mrs. Purvis followed her.

"Well, do you?" a new voice demanded. It was a deep, insistent voice.

Jo turned suddenly and saw a woman standing in the doorway. She stood hidden in the shadow of the drapes. Jo's heart jumped. She took a step backward. She expected this woman to be the occupant of the cab, the square woman from the Eighth Avenue bus. But this was a much younger person, about thirty-five, soft and bulky-looking. Her hair and eyes were cinnamon-colored. A thin staring child stood by her side. They held her with their questioning eyes.

"I said, 'do you?' " she repeated. She marched into the room and the girl followed her. "My name is Cabrini, Ann Cabrini, and I'd like to know."

☆ MRS. PURVIS walked over, and the three people hemmed her in with their attention, separating her from the door.

"Get over to the piano," Mrs. Cabrini said. "Let's see what you can do."

Jo walked over to the window without answering. The cab still stood there, with the pale, withdrawn face barely visible.

"Try Kiss Me Again," Mrs. Cabrini suggested.

Jo crossed slowly to the piano, postponing her escape. She played the song mechanically, not even listening to it. The one sound she wanted to hear was that of a motor starting, the change of gear as the cab pulled away from the curb. But there was nothing. The piano tinkled the thin sentimental tones, and they fell away in the room without even an echo.

In the middle she was interrupted.

"O. K., O. K.," Mrs. Cabrini said. Her voice was impatient. "How would you like a job for tonight? There's a trio, the Pizzani Trio—me, Cora Jones, and Gloria. We have a job at a wedding in Brooklyn tonight, but Cora, she plays the piano, and she's sick. I can't get anybody else. You'll get eight dollars. I'm not going to ask you if you're in the union, because you might say no and I don't want to know about it. What do you say?"

"Of course she'll take it," Mrs. Purvis said over Jo's hesitation. "It's just what you need. Why, it'll pay most of your rent right off."

"I don't know," said Jo. She found herself mistrusting every one and all motives. Since she had been in New York, all the usual relationships made no sense. The pursuit of Dick's bag seemed to drag in more and more people at every step, and why shouldn't she suspect these people too, in spite of all the probabilities? Yet the usual standards of judgment had to be suspended, because not once had

(*Continued on page 42*)

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

The Dawn Comes Up Like Thunde

☆ MARGO, the better half of the Margo-and-Bill combination that lives on the other side of us, came in the back door and sat down on my wife's kitchen stool and watched me measure coffee into a pot. She looked like a daffodil in her green slacks and yellow shirt, with the little yellow bow in her hair, and I looked like something no self-respecting cat would drag in, with my sprouting chin and the brown bathrobe that had seen four years' service in a fraternity house and graduated into holy matrimony.

"Ruby won't be here today," Margo said. Ruby the faithful, Ruby who, on her day off, throws the Cowan household into a state of near collapse!

I groped for a flaw in the statement, and found one: "How did *you* know?"

"The man who stopped at my house a while ago said so. He thought it was your house."

This was going to be terrific. My wife was coming home today and I'd had a few of the boys in last night and Ned Burns was asleep in the guest-room bed and Pinkie Ellenbarger was asleep on the living-room floor, and if Ruby had been twins and both of her there, the situation would still have been practically hopeless.

Margo slowly unwound and stood up. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

"I don't think so," I said. "But it's been nice knowing you, anyway."

"What do you mean—'it's been nice knowing you'?"

"I don't live here any more," I told her. "Not after my wife gets home."

She looked at me, her hands in her pockets. Finally she said, "Oh, well, it won't hurt to have a look around," and went into the living room.

The place was filled with a thin blue haze that smelled exactly like stale tobacco smoke. The table in the middle of the room was filled with cards and chips and glasses and ash trays, and one corner was filled with Pinkie Ellenbarger. And over it all was a thick coating of flour.

Margo said, "This needs a woman's touch."

I nodded, gazing abstractedly at Pinkie. "Do you think he'll come up in the vacuum sweeper?"

"Let's try kindness first," said Margo. She went over and touched Pinkie gently with the toe of her shoe. "Pinkie—wake up! It's ten o'clock."

Pinkie rolled over on his back but he didn't open his eyes. "Somebody's been tinkering with the clock," he said.

In the guest room, Ned's clothes were here and there and Ned was tucked under the sheet making remarkable noises through his mouth. I sat down on the bed and said, "Hey, aren't you going to sing in the choir this morning?"

Ned opened his eyes and regarded me solemnly. "Certainly I'm going to sing in the choir. Don't I always sing in the choir?"

I picked his pants off the bedpost and handed them to him. He grinned at me sheepishly. "If memory serves me right," he said, "somebody bored a hole in your kitchen floor last night. And I think it was me." The sink had splashed over on account of the drain being stopped up with sardines, and Ned had got the idea we were on a boat. The boat was shipping water, so he bored a hole in her to let it run out. I think I stood by, shouting encouragement and peering anxiously into the distance for a sail. Somebody had tied his shirt onto the broomstick and held it aloft.

"You'd better get out of here," I told Ned, "before you remember something else."

"We could fill it with chewing gum," he suggested, pulling on his pants.

The doorbell rang. It was Joan Singleton, the youngest of the Gestapo that live back of us. She wore a pair of pink silk panties and an oilcloth bib decorated with oatmeal and a racy-looking blue cat, and she carried a tin soldier under her arm. "Who's that?" she asked, pointing at Pinkie. "Did he sleep on the floor all night? What's that white stuff all over everything that looks like flour?"

"Flour," I said.

"Mr. Cowan, what are goings-on?"

"Why?" . . . Well, what would *you* have said?

"My mother said there were terrible goings-on over here last night. She said just wait till Mrs. Cowan hears about it."

Joan wound up the soldier and set him down on the floor and he started beating his drum with an awful fierceness. I pressed down firmly on the top of my head.

Pinkie said, "Well, I think I'll be running along," and got up and collapsed into a chair. Ned came out of the bathroom, trying out his voice. "Oh-ho, 'you take the high road—'" Margo came in from the kitchen carrying the broom with the shirt flapping around it. "This looks like somebody's shirt, but it can't be, because why would it be tied to the broom?"

I grabbed the nearest thing, which happened to be a glass cigarette box. It shattered against the wall, and in two seconds Margo and I were alone. I opened the windows and untied the shirt and started wiping things off with it. Margo said, "No, you go over to our house and get Bill up and tell him to meet Dorothea's train. Tell him to take her to lunch and *on no account* to bring her home before one o'clock. Get it?"

I did, and so did Bill after I'd washed his face and stood him on his feet. He was awfully sorry, he said,

There was Margo spraying Love in Bloom into the air, and there was Bill and . . . Dorothea.

about using the sack of flour to show us how they dropped bombs at the National Guard camp. He said he'd bet the place was an awful mess.

I put his hat on his head and handed him his car keys. "On no account are you to bring her home before one o'clock. Tell her anything that sounds like the truth but isn't."

Bill nodded. "Once, when we were living in Bloomington," he said, "Margo went home for a visit, and one night while she was away—"

I said, "Look, Bill. If you don't handle this nice and smooth, I'm coming over to your house with a truckload of flour and they'll have to dig you out with shovels."

I pulled my bathrobe up around my knees and skipped across the lawn.

By twelve o'clock the house had a people-have-been-working aspect. It wasn't beautiful, but Margo and I agreed that a nearsighted stranger, passing through, would probably have permitted himself only a mild shudder. Then all at once I realized my wife was coming home. It went all over me, just like that, and nothing else mattered.

Margo leaned her cheek against the mop handle and said, "Allen, go do things to yourself. You look like something the garbage man forgot to take away." Margo had flour on her face and her shirt tail was out. I told her so. "Could be," she said, and went on pushing the mop around the floor, and I saw that she was tired.

I had just finished shaving and started to turn on the shower when I heard the front door slam. I came walking into the living room in my pajamas and there was Margo, lying on her back on the couch spraying Love in Bloom into the air with a perfume atomizer, and there was Bill, and there was . . . Dorothea.

For a long moment I looked at my wife. She was still lovely, infinitely lovely, but there was something wrong with her face. It wasn't pleased. She swung around quickly to Bill. "You said he was working at the office. You said he told you to show me the War Memorial." She looked briefly at me and at Margo, then at Bill again. "It all seemed very queer," she said—"very queer and very mixed up. I don't know whether you were trying to tell me or trying to keep me from finding it out."

Love in Bloom and the tobacco smoke clashed violently, then tore out after each other, circling my head. I felt a little sick. "Darling—" I began; but Dorothea said, very fast, "Bill, don't let him touch me."

Margo sat up and the perfume atomizer dropped to the floor. Bill stepped forward, put down a suitcase, and fell over it. He looked grim and exhausted, yet his voice was that of a man still hanging on. "Now listen, Dorothea—"

Her look stopped him. "You've been saying 'Now listen' ever since you met me at the station. You said 'Now listen' every time I said I wanted to go home." She sank down in a chair and pulled off her hat, and the memory of her red-gold hair became a breath-taking reality. "Why didn't you just tell me—right off?" she said to Bill. "After all, it's as much your affair as mine."

Bill looked desperately at Margo. "I told her Allen was working," he said, "but she didn't believe it. So I told her some more things, and she didn't believe them either." He turned to me. "That time when we were living in Bloomington— Oh, hell! I'm going home and sleep this off." He went out and closed the door. Then he opened it again. "You can send the flour over," he said, "any time."

Dorothea started to cry. "And to think," she told Margo, "I brought you a couple of bath towels marked 'His' and 'Hers'!"

I went over and knelt beside her chair and tried to take her hands away from her face. Margo disappeared, but in a few minutes she was back, followed by Joan the Gestapo, who was followed by a yellow wooden duck on a string. The duck said, "Quack . . . quack . . . quack" in a voice that needed oiling. Margo sat down and pulled Joan over onto her knee.

"Now tell Mrs. Cowan who was over here this morning."

"You were," said Joan.

I closed my eyes and shuddered.

"And who else?"

"Mr. Ellenbarger."

"And who else?"

"Another man. He was singing 'You take the highway.'"

"High road," I put in hastily. I had an idea we were getting somewhere and I didn't want any mistakes.

"And what was *I* doing?" Margo asked her.

"Cleaning up. My mother says," she told Dorothea, "there were goings-on over here last night."

Margo gave her hair a weary little push with her fingers and the bow fell down over one ear. "Now you listen to me, Dorothea," she said. "What Joan's mother heard was the masculine element tearing loose. Good clean riot, like boring holes in the kitchen floor. Like staging war maneuvers with flour."

"The idea," I said earnestly, "is to throw sacks of flour down on the enemy. Bombs. If you have flour on you."

"All right." Margo silenced me. "So when the final count was made this morning, Allen was 'over' one Pinkie Ellenbarger and one Ned Burns. Ruby sent word she couldn't come, so I turned into a little fairy and Bill went down to take care of you while we got to work with brooms and things."

Dorothea smiled carefully. Then she smiled with more abandon, and I took a long breath and relaxed luxuriously upon clouds of Love in Bloom. "I'm afraid," Dorothea said, "I acted like kind of a darned fool."

"Could be." Margo got up and tucked in her shirt tail. She took Joan by the hand. They moved toward the door, and Joan said, "Now can I have the ice-cream cone?" Going down the walk the duck said, "Quack . . . quack . . . quack" quite pleasantly.

I buried my head in Dorothea's lap and murmured "Darling!" and this time nobody stopped me. But if Ruby had been twins and both of her had been there, I would have bumped her heads together.

THE END

BY CAROLINE CLARK

Love takes a hurdle . . . A lithe tale of husbands and wives and a morning after

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

☆ PETER STANLEIGH of British Intelligence, posing as Paul Sturm, a Nazi agent from Canada, goes to a German espionage school in Antwerp run by the mysterious Fräulein Doktor. The Fräulein takes a fancy to him, encourages him to make love to her, and he becomes her right-hand man.

Peter discovers the Nazis' next plan of attack against England. He gets his news to his chief, Sir John Helton, in London, through a secret wireless operated by Dupon, a hairdresser, and his wife, Elise. D'Hasque, another patriotic Belgian, works with him, as well as Melanie, D'Hasque's daughter, who is enrolled as Maria Luys in the school at the House on Harmony Street.

D'Hasque is captured by the Nazis and dies while being questioned. Peter, who is in love with Melanie, gets the Dupons to promise to take her with them and flee to England. The British plan a raid on the Steen, German military headquarters, and on Harmony Street. Peter has been told to meet a British pilot at the Tête de Flandre and fly to England. Before he goes, however, he wants to look at the military map hanging in the Steen. Pretending to Fräulein Doktor that he is going out to report that the telephone is out of order—the wires have been cut by loyal Belgians—and armed with a pass and a forged note that will get him into the Steen, he starts on his dangerous errand.

PART SEVEN—HELL'S FURY AND A WOMAN

☆ THERE were more people than usual in the street at this time of the evening. As Peter passed through them, he saw the faces of two or three he'd met with D'Hasque and Pierre Dupon. Recognition lit their eyes but they paid no attention to him. Now he began to understand. It would be easier for workmen to cut wires in the dusk if there were people around to take the attention,

Swiftly, stirringly now a flaming novel plunges into its final adventure

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

and they had not yet dispersed. They were giving the telephone men who had done the job time to get away. They seemed to be walking through the district in ones and twos—*not* as a crowd—and on their faces was the same expressionless calm that, as Peter had noticed, now steadily characterized the citizens of Antwerp.

He flung his arms around Stanleigh and in that moment Stanleigh's right arm was raised and came down swiftly.

The House on Harmony Street

He hurried on. Sidewalk traffic was as usual after a block or two, until he neared the Steen. Again many people on the streets, all apparently intent on going about their own business. Some of them must go around a block or two and come back again, but they couldn't do it too often or the police would notice it. They had their ways, these little people, of accomplishing what they wanted quietly and without stirring the police too far. They knew the value of acting as individuals yet in a large body, and they had the courage to do it.

He reached the big doorway into Castle Steen and was challenged. He gave his pass to one of the two sentries. "From Fräulein Doktor—urgent!" he said peremptorily, "to Herr Captain Lesser or to General von Brauchmann."

"Wait!" said the man, and left him in charge of the other sentry. In a moment he came back. "Captain Lesser will see you. Please, this way with me," he said.

They went through what had been one of the main showrooms of the museum, down the stairs, and into a large underground room. It was incongruously modern when one knew the old place. The walls were paneled in the present-day fashion with smooth wood surfaces striped with chromium. The desk behind which Lesser sat was like a stage for the varied equipment of Nazi efficiency—a miracle of streamlined gadgets.

The two men saluted and Stanleigh gave Lesser the note. While he read it Stanleigh looked casually about. The map should be in the wall behind the desk. The wall looked as solid as wood and chromium could make it. His eyes wandered down to the desk and its fascinating array. A double row of black and white push buttons ran across the end. Peter's fingers spread and skipped lightly over them.

Lesser looked up. "Better not touch those."

"I was just wondering," said Stanleigh, "if you played them like a piano."

Lesser laughed shortly. "Well, playing them sometimes results in interesting tunes." He turned back to the letter and seemed puzzled. "Why did not Fräulein Doktor call for the information to be sent her?"

"The phone wouldn't work," said Stanleigh. "Anyhow, it's easier to transmit it to our own map if one has seen it."

" So—your phone is out of order too!"

Stanleigh nodded. "Went out just as we were getting everything into the clear and checking the final arrangements. We want to finish up tonight."

Lesser looked at the letter again. Stanleigh wondered how well he knew Fräulein Doktor's handwriting. "This is a bit irregular," said Lesser, "showing the nonmilitary this map."

Stanleigh looked stolidly impersonal. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain that to Fräulein Doktor," he said. "I have only her orders to look at the map and bring back the information. She told me that if you had not sufficient authority I was to ask for General von Brauchmann."

"No," said Lesser, touched in his vanity, "I have the authority. If it were Fräulein Doktor herself who would see it—I do not question her right to the map. If the phone were in order—"

"She is in a great hurry," said Stanleigh patiently. "I suppose you know I am working with her at General von Brauchmann's suggestion."

"Of course—of course," said Lesser, who most certainly did not know anything of the kind. "Hmm, you seem to have advanced very rapidly since you've come here."

"One advances rapidly these days or not at all," said Peter. If he didn't make progress within the next few minutes, it *would* not be at all.

"Of course I know *Unser Fräulein* likes you, but—" Lesser looked at him now more directly. "You've been in Antwerp less than—let's see—less than—"

Peter did not help him on the time question. He merely said, "But I came well recommended. I came from Frederika." He watched for the effect he had found so frequently followed that name.

Lesser's eyes lighted. "Oh—from Frederika!" His direct look was different from the one before. His twitching lips relaxed into a reminiscent smile. "You know, I've often thought it must be dull in Canada for Frederika."

"I doubt if she has found it dull," said Peter, implying whatever Lesser wanted to read into the words. "At least, *I* didn't."

Lesser leaned back and roared. "No doubt—no doubt!"

Peter thought: Ugh! Stiff as they are, they break up and go into a state of palpitation every time I mention Frederika. All this discipline is bad for them. Either that, or Frederika is—shall one say—something out of folklore? Anyhow, Lesser was warming up. Aloud Stanleigh said, "She's in the United States now—New York."

Lesser looked at him, still with amusement. " I should have postponed last year's visit there till now." And in a moment added, "If you worked with Frederika, *Unser Fräulein* must be quite a change."

Now was the time to yank the fellow out of his complacency. "She is exciting—in her own way," snapped Peter, as though instantly on the defense against any implication concerning Fräulein Doktor, who was not to be smiled over. "Please show me the map!"

"Now—now," soothed Lesser, realizing he'd gone beyond himself in his unguarded moment, "I meant no harm. Our Fräulein is much more than—" He did not want to be reported to her for lack of respect by this fellow who seemed to be in her confidence.

"Yes," said Peter in the manner of one who would make nothing of it if the man would get on with the matter in hand, "as you say. But I must see the map and get back, or Fräulein will need an explanation of the delay. Open it up!" He had noticed that all of these bullies automatically responded to a quick order—as though they could not help it. The trouble with the robot system, thought Stanleigh.

Lesser punched a button. "Since Fräulein Doktor commands," he said unctuously.

A section of the wall slid back. The map came into sight. And what a map!

Now Peter's training by Schlauch in the chartroom came into use. He knew all their symbols for numerical

strength and indications of movement. What a complete thing this was! He became absorbed in it.

Suddenly through his absorption there penetrated a bell. The phone had rung!

"Must have fixed it," said Lesser, lifting the receiver.

Peter stepped back, ready to dash for the door, but kept one eye on the map for anything more he could get from it.

Lesser grunted at the phone, "Yes, yes . . . *who?* . . . Oh, yes." He hung up. "This end is fixed," he said.

"And the other will be soon," said Peter, thanking heaven that it was not already. "Quick service."

"We are always efficient." Lesser was a bit stiff in his turn.

"Right!" answered Peter fervently. "I'll go along now."

Lesser closed the map. "My respects to Fräulein Doktor," he said.

"By all means." He must get out before the connection was fully restored, but formalities must be observed. "My gratitude for your courtesy." His heels came together. "Heil Hitler!" That was the last "Heil" he'd have to give—whatever happened.

"Heil Hitler!" Lesser watched Peter turn and go through the door as a guard opened it.

Peter did not hurry, but he walked with all reasonable speed to the outer door. The two men on duty stared at him. "One was asking for you," said the shorter of the two.

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say—just asked if you were here. The big fellow from the House of Fräulein—"

"Oh, I see—thanks. He's probably waiting outside. Thank you."

The sentry let him out into the darkness. So Hans was there. But why had he not sent in word to von Brauchmann or Lesser if he knew that Fräulein had not ordered Peter to the Steen? Peter's mind jumped. That was it. Schmidt had sent Hans to follow him. He was the one man more loyal to Schmidt than to Fräulein, but he was not trained in such matters. He had bungled in asking the sentry if Peter were there. But Hans was big and no bungling amateur in physical conflict. Peter peered into the dark as he descended the path from the Steen. The people had been dispersed by soldiers arriving for the night watch in the towers. Hans was here somewhere in the darkness.

☆ MEANWHILE the House was in turmoil. Just one small bulletin had clicked through on Fräulein Doktor's teletype from the wireless room: "British agent shot by Taussig, thought to be Peter Stanleigh, is Leigh Pearson. According to information from Russian commercial agent recently returned here from Belgium, Stanleigh thought to be in Antwerp."

Fräulein Doktor sent not for Schmidt but for Schlauch

"Find out whether the disorder of our telephone has been reported," she said, "and why it is not fixed. Also have G27 sent to me."

Then she sent for Heidi Stengel. "You have, of course, a photograph of our operative G27?"

"Certainly," said Heidi, "and very good too."

"Bring it," said Fräulein.

She was looking at it when Schlauch came back. "There was no report on our telephone," he said, "but the Steen phones went out too. The wires were cut. They've just sent a man up to see if ours had also failed."

"Where is G27?"

"I have sent Otto for G27."

☆ SOON it was evident that "Paul Sturm" was nowhere about and, call him that or G27, he had not reported the telephone to any one at all.

She recognized Schmidt's manner of punching her door button. It would have been pleasanter not to see the old man, but perhaps he still did not know all that had happened. There was a good chance that Paul Sturm had not reported the telephone because they might have an uninterrupted evening without it. It was very much in tune with her vanity to believe this. And then he might have gone for one of his walks—probably had. There was, moreover, no reason to connect Frederika's German Canadian, who had brought her unmistakable letters, with the English Peter Stanleigh. These things had simply all happened together. It was unfortunate.

True, the wires had been cut deliberately. But it had happened when he was with her. The people of Antwerp had done such things before. But he had not reported the cut wire and he had not yet returned. The fool! If only he had reported the telephone! Oddly enough, if he had failed to do it because of their evening—well—it was wrong—he had disobeyed her order—the first man since Karl to disobey her order—the first man since Karl with a brain and a body and—

How useful he could be in her plans for the future—with a brain and—He must learn, though, to follow her plans—as Karl had not learned. Suppose he *was* Stanleigh! She pulled up with a jerk. Stanleigh, that man even Abetz and his Gestapo had failed to get! Suppose he *was* Stanleigh! But he had been useful. He had worked *with* her. There had been a leak. A little leak. How much of a leak? More than she knew? One would know only three days from now—one could not tell till then. Tonight it was only a little leak.

She looked at his picture. Paul Sturm—he would come back and she would show them. She and Paul Sturm would show them! Yes—she and Paul Sturm would do what she and Karl Vronky had not done! But suppose he really was Stanleigh—suppose—! She must send the photograph to France. A tremendous fury welled up in her. No. She would not allow it. Not until she knew—

The door button rang for the third time—impatiently. Schmidt had something to say. Well, let him say it! Find out how much he really knew of this afternoon's affairs. She let him in.

Schmidt was aware of the telephone trouble and the hunt for G27. "Have no worry," he said. "I have not liked that fellow. I sent Hans to follow him when he left, about six o'clock. He will come back with Hans."

"That stupid oaf!" snorted Fräulein. "Who gave you leave to have Sturm followed?" she demanded furiously and turned on Schmidt. She paced up and down. A good thing Schmidt had not heard the wireless message! She vilified Schmidt in all the terms she knew. Then abruptly she controlled herself. He must not guess what she had planned. She grew as cold as ice. "Paul Sturm is intelligent and he has been extremely useful. Like all intelligent persons, he is inclined to go off on his own."

"*Ja,*" said Schmidt, "like *me.* Like *you.* Well, we'll know when Hans comes."

☆ MELANIE had expected to stay only long enough to make sure that Peter got well started for the Steen. But the office became very busy. Every one had to be told the telephone was out of order. Then, at last, she prepared to close her files and go to her room, as she told Bauer, "to get ready for dinner." She was still looking very white, he thought.

Melanie met Schmidt in the hall as he came from Fräulein Doktor's apartment.

"Fräulein Luys, you have not seen Herr G27—no?" he asked.

"No," said Melanie and went on upstairs.

"I thought 'no,'" muttered Schmidt to himself and watched her curiously till she disappeared.

☆ IT was about this time that Peter Stanleigh came out of the Steen and looked into the unlighted night, wondering where in the darkness was Hans. He went down the short walk and plunged into the dark path toward the river. It seemed the safest way. He could work around again into the town and, he hoped, reach Dupon's wireless. By now Pierre and Elise and their son and, best of all, Melanie, should be on their way to Ostend and David Van Gastel. He was glad Melanie did not know he was going to the Dupons' again. He knew she would insist on waiting for him there. After all, he reflected, things had gone better than he might have expected. And if he didn't know what he'd run into in this Stygian dark, certainly it would be a problem for Hans to find him in it.

But Hans had seen the square of dim light in the doorway as Peter came out of the Steen. Hans made his way toward the bottom of the path that led from the big gateway of the old castle by the river. He had never liked this Auslander, German though he might be. Something deep in Hans doubted if he was. And when Herr Schmidt said, "Bring him back," Hans was glad. He made his way carefully and his alert ears heard the merest hint of a sound as some one else also

(*Continued on page 39*)

DON'T LOOK NOW, MR. NATHAN, BUT—
In summer folks flock to New York, visit night clubs, see floor shows. Here's what a hard-boiled drama critic thinks of them; he is not amused. Liberty disagrees with him, likes the shows, and (in a whisper) suggests that you take what he says with a grain of salt.

Floorodora

ILLUSTRATOR H. BISCHOPF

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ ALTHOUGH complete statistics are not available, what is known as the floor show must figure pretty well up in the list of current great American industries. Beginning modestly some three decades ago, it more lately has spread all over the country, until today it is a rare restaurant, hotel, café, or night club in any city of more than thirty thousand population that one time or another during the evening doesn't offer at least some symptom of it.

The floor show, in case there remains any one who doesn't know what it is, is an entertainment (so the entrepreneurs insist) staged in that section of a public eating-and-drinking establishment between the diners and imbibers on the one hand and the bandstand on the other. It takes on various forms, ranging all the way from a solitary vocalist crooning into an obviously detached microphone to the elaborateness of some such show as the Billy Rose exhibits at the Diamond Horseshoe in New York. And it employs all varieties of entertainers (as the entrepreneurs are fond of describing them) from society debutantes to Harlem darkies and from musical comedy and Hollywood luminaries to French, Mexican, Chinese, Spanish, Hawaiian, Tennessean and other such alien divas, dancers, and theoretical joy dispensers. Sometimes it is fairly good, but more often it steenks. Not infrequently, indeed, it is difficult to tell where the floor show ends and the Welsh rabbit begins.

However, you have no trouble in deciphering where the floor show itself begins. It begins with the emergence of a creature in evening dress known as the master of ceremonies. You can instantaneously identify this creature, be it male or female, by its expansive air of happiness. Nobody in the whole world ever looks so happy for no reason as a master of ceremonies. Why, no one knows, particularly when all things are considered, and doubly particularly when they are considered after the so-called ceremonies are over and have been found out.

The master of ceremonies, wherever you encounter him, is the direct descendant of a couple of not overly bright parrots. "Ladies and gentlemen," he beamingly quotes his forebears, "it is a great pleasure to have you with us tonight and I know you will enjoy our little show. I now want to introduce to you that well known, lovely and charming little lady, Tootsie Goldberd, who will entertain you with some of Cole Porter's latest songs. Now let's all give Tootsie a great big hand!"

The fact that nobody present, except possibly her agent, has ever heard of the well known Tootsie and the further fact that Tootsie is approximately as lovely and charming as a cold in the nose are politely, or perhaps despairingly, overlooked by the customers, who perfunctorily bestow upon the artiste the big hand requested.

Tootsie, who usually wears an evening gown that looks as if it had been made on a bet by an inebriated Ethiopian couturière aided and abetted by a professional decorator of drugstore candy boxes, duly finishes her act and is followed by another well known, lovely and charming artiste whom also nobody has ever heard of before and who looks like Tootsie's first cousin. This is the Russian

dancer, Vermina. Again, at the solicitation of the happy master of ceremonies, the big hand is forthcoming, and Vermina then seizes a dagger out of her left garter and frenziedly chases it around the floor for ten minutes. This, according to the master of ceremonies, whom it has made happier than ever, is symbolism indicating that Vermina's childhood was a tragic one because her paternal uncle had murdered her maternal uncle and because her small brother had thereupon disgustedly left home and joined the Czar's cavalry.

At this point one of the waiters, obviously a Russian, drops a large plate of scrambled eggs and bacon on Vermina's agent.

☆ THE next great excitement on the bill is provided by a well known, charming and versatile young man who is so obscure he hasn't even got an agent. This artist is Harry Bogenscheider of a well known society family in Jasper Falls, Iowa. Harry, who also gets the big hand, seats himself at a wheeled-out small piano and proceeds to dispense a "sophisticated" ditty relating the amours of a boa constrictor and an anchovy. Taking five gratuitous bows, Harry then proceeds to dispense another sophisticated ditty recounting the passion of a nightingale for a lobster, the scene being wittily laid in Newburg. Now six gratuitous bows, and a concluding ditty in which the names of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Herbert Swope, and Elsa Maxwell are cleverly and respectively rhymed with pastor, handle her kilt, dope, and back's swell.

Item 4 on the gala program is a Negro baritone who once appeared in a Show Boat road company and who sings Old Man River for twenty minutes.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," glees the happy master of ceremonies, "I have a special big treat for you. Hold your breath! And that certainly means you, Joe (indicating a customer over in a corner who has a visible jag on), because if you don't, ha-ha-ha, you'll aphyxiate everybody in the room. But, ha-ha-ha, as I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, and I want you to realize I'm serious, I am now going to introduce to you someone you all know and love. The lovely and charming star of stage, screen, and radio, Miss Maebelle Moots. Come now, everybody, a great big hand for Miss Moots!"

Arrayed in more spangles than the grand transformation scene in Uncle Tom's Cabin, Miss Moots, who has never been nearer the stage, screen, or radio than a year's subscription to Variety, demurely accepts the customers' tribute to her and takes her position at the mike, the lights meanwhile having been impressively lowered and her face and figure glitteringly illuminated with a purple baby spot.

"I will try to give you my special arrangement of Cole Porter's Night and Day," modestly announces Miss Moots, the while Tootsie Goldberd, who sang it earlier in the evening and who has put on her street dress and is hanging acidly around, gives issue to a critical grunt. The applause for Miss Moots upon her final note, led by the waiters and bus boys to whom her agent has slipped five bucks, overwhelms the beauty. "Oh, thank you, thank you all so much," she purrs. "And now I'll try to give you my special arrangement of The Last Time I Saw Paris."

Miss Moots' wonderful act over, we again have the happy, aye, now overjoyed, master of ceremonies. "That concludes our evening's entertainment," he radiantly rhapsodizes, "and I want to thank you all for enjoying it so much and to say we're here every night at the same time and place and hope you'll all come to see us soon again. Thank you, and good night."

There you have a composite picture of the most generally encountered floor show. Sometimes Tootsie Goldberd's place will be taken by a pseudo-French songstress who fondly imagines she compares favorably with Lucienne Boyer and who bats out Un Peu d'Amour with enough soulful eyeblinking to shake off her false lashes. Sometimes Vermina's place will be taken by a female American tap dancer with calves developed to the point where they begin faintly to resemble cows. Sometimes in the Negro baritone's spot you will find a passionate Mexican who bawls out his love for a señorita south of the Rio Grande. And sometimes you will discover in Miss Maebelle Moots' stead some other peroxide peach who will seek to conceal the fact that she hasn't got anything by going in for what is called "audience participation." Audience participation, in the event you don't know, consists in persuading the customers simultaneously to bang loudly on their plates with little wooden hammers and to sing along with the vocalist at the tops of their lungs by way of helping prophylactically to drown out her awful voice.

But whatever minor changes there may be, it always remains much the same show.

☆ THEN there are what are known as the smarter floor shows. They evidently get their name from the fact that their entrepreneurs are smarter than the entrepreneurs of the other shows in getting a two-dollar cover charge for something almost essentially the same but only dressed up a little better.

These smarter shows go in in a big way for so-called ballroom dancers. In place of Vermina and the clog dancer they offer as their main attraction a male and female couple in evening dress who peddle grace with a vengeance. The valse is their big card. Not the waltz, mind you, but the valse. A valse is a waltz danced in a dim mauve light and, instead of ending as a waltz does in the man taking his girl by the arm and escorting her politely to the bar for a glass of schnapps, it ends in his grabbing her ferociously around the middle and swinging her around thirty times as if he wanted to throw her into the bass drum.

An incidental feature of these more soigné shows is the Mexican or Puerto Rican baby who stands in front of the rumba band and without let-up shakes the maracas for at least half an hour. After the first ten minutes she augments the shakes with vibrations of her bosom and hips, thus theoretically exciting the libidos of the potential wine buyers at the surrounding tables.

The society singer, usually an ex-debutante who was jilted by the rich boy her parents had their eyes on and who is now secretly stuck on one of the headwaiters, is another classy item. The chief difference between the society singer and Tootsie Goldberd is that in comparison Tootsie sings like Flagstad. But in addition to not knowing how to sing, it seems that a society singer has eight knees and that all eight of them interfere with her walking carriage. The approach to and retreat from the mike by one of the chic dears accordingly take on the aspect of Leon Errol's old vaudeville act.

☆ THE sophisticated male singer who accompanies himself on the piano is as omnipresent in the smarter shows as he is in the other kind, the chief difference between him and Harry Bogenscheider being that, whereas Harry rents his dress suit, he owns his. The only other difference is that our more high-toned artist rhymes Astor, Vanderbilt, Swope, and Maxwell with faster, gander gilt, nope, and tax well, which is esteemed as vastly wittier.

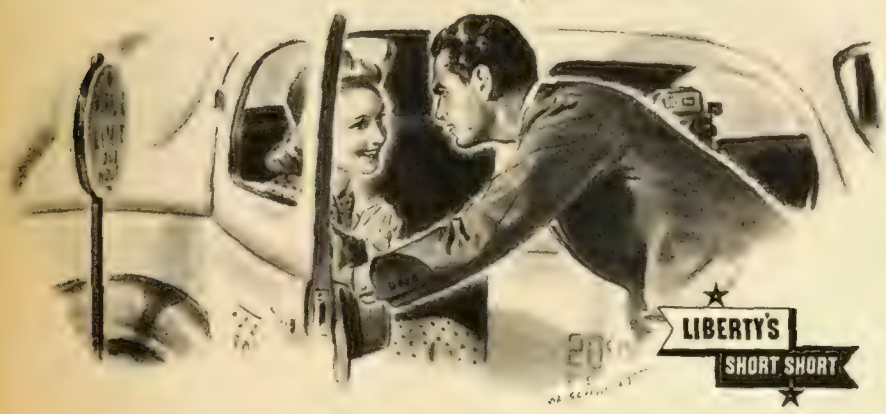
Nor, before we call halt, must we overlook the band leader. The band leader in the cheaper shows is usually a rather ordinary mug who worked his way through a tank-town college by playing the saxophone in the little orchestra at the town's movie house and who considers he has done his necessary all by the customers when he has greased his hair to a shine with vaseline and put on a Tuxedo not more than seven years old. But not so in the case of the sweller joints. The band leader here, resplendent in tails, is a suave bird who apparently has trouble making up his mind whether he has been hired to lead a band or make goo-goo eyes at all the lady customers.

Therefore, after wielding his baton for a couple of minutes at his men, who pay not the slightest attention to him, he slowly revolves, faces the trade, and spends the rest of the composition in giving a bad imitation of an irresistible Don Juan, the imitation consisting for the most part in alternating a theoretically intriguing dead pan with a theoretically provocative come-hither look, the said look being negotiated by dreamily half closing the eyes and pretending to be thinking of Chopin instead of the lousy jazz his band is playing.

THE END

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Women are so Amusing



BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

☆ QUITE suddenly a stout man appeared in Louis' respectable downtown office. He said, "They've got Sammy. Sammy's squealed. Was I you, I'd hunt me up a pretty smart lawyer."

Louis managed a smile. "I've got one—Smith."

"Smith? Not Edward J.? He wouldn't touch this now." The stout man shrugged. "Well, you must have a drag. Better work fast."

Left alone, Louis poured himself a stiff drink. It was a long and carefully concealed chain from Sammy to him, but things would move quickly now. A smart lawyer, eh? When a man is in a jam he does need a smart lawyer; that was why Louis had picked on Edward J. Smith. It was just possible, he had told himself, that sooner or later things would catch up with him. That was why he had begun to cultivate E. J. Played golf with him. Played up to his wife, Arlie.

Louis had met Arlie in court one day when he was following with intense interest the trial of Joe Mulloy, alias Mizzy Murphy, for cementing a man up and dropping him into the harbor. That trial gave Louis a bad moment or two when he reflected that if the probing went deep enough they might reach right through to *him*. E. J. —retained for the defense—was in brilliant form. Arlie was in court, and Louis discovered who she was.

"Aren't you almost afraid to live with such a clever husband?" he smiled, when he managed an introduction. "But nobody told me he was lucky as well as clever."

His eyes flattered her. Louis had a way with women.

She said, "Eddie is clever—about some things."

She got Eddie to ask him to dinner. After that he saw quite a lot of them both. He began to see that even a clever lawyer can have a blind spot. E. J.'s was Arlie.

Miss Carr, E. J.'s confidential secretary, began to suspect, but held her tongue. On any visit Louis made to the office she was punctiliously polite.

"You must see lots of the queer side of life," he said to her one day.

"I do," she said.

"Which makes you a bit suspicious of people?"

"It makes me very certain of some things."

"Such as?"

"If you sow thistles they prick you sooner or later," said Miss Carr brusquely, and left him.

Louis was amused. Women were so different, but they were all amusing. It amused him to see how deeply infatuated Arlie was becoming with him. It amused him to spin pretty fairy tales about their future. "Some day, perhaps—" he would sigh, then shake his head. "But of course you'd never leave a brilliant and successful husband like Eddie—for me." Arlie would lift her eyes to his and make wordless promises; emotional checks Louis had no idea of ever cashing.

Increasingly, however, he saw that Arlie was going to be useful to him if ever—if ever things caught up with him. Because E. J. was going to be a harder nut to crack than he had thought. From a straight criminal practice, E. J. was being taken up by men who saw what a power he could be in law enforcement. E. J. was ripe for it. He would still fight tooth and nail for some poor devil caught out of his depth, but anything that was cold and crafty he now shied from.

It might take more than Louis' own friendship to secure E. J.'s services if they ever were needed. It might take Arlie—Arlie, who was E. J.'s one blind spot, who could twist him round her pretty little finger.

Arlie was a trump card, but a card not needed. . . .

Not until now, suddenly—now that the stout man had sat as he had told him, "Sammy's squealed. Was I you, I'd hunt me up a pretty smart lawyer."

Louis had a second stiff drink before he telephoned Arlie. Not that he had any doubts of his ability to handle her. He could honey her up. Make her see his dire need of her help. Discreetly, of course. Even Arlie mustn't smell the Joe Mulloy type of thing. . . .

He dialed. Arlie was home. "What's wrong, Louis?"

"Wrong?"

"Your voice sounds—different!"

He hadn't thought his voice would betray him. Nerves. "I've got to see you—right off," he said. "There's something pretty important you can do for me, honey. You see, it's—it's about Eddie. I've got to talk to you about Eddie. You'll meet me—"

She would. He hung up with her eager assurance. He felt better. A usual rendezvous, under the trees of a public square. As he waited there, at the customary corner, a newsboy's cry sent him scuttling to buy a paper. No headlines yet. Nothing had broken yet. E. J. must be lined up first. For the defense: Edward J. Smith. To have E. J. would give from the start a presumption of innocence. . . .

It was with a sigh of relief that he saw Arlie's taxi draw to the curb, and Arlie waving to him. Hat in hand, he opened the taxi door. "I'll pay the driver," he said.

"But, Louis, can't we—go somewhere?" Her eyes burned with eagerness. "I have a bag here."

"A bag? I don't understand—"

"Don't you suppose I knew right away—from your voice—what the important thing you wanted me to do about Eddie was? Oh, Louis, I've known it had to happen sometime! I've done it. I've quit Eddie. He'll have my note by now telling him all about you and me."

He stood staring at her, stricken, incredulous. When you are in a jam, you want a lawyer, not a woman. A vagrant thought stabbed through his cold despair: He was wondering if Miss Carr would laugh.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ THIS comes from an old-timer. Keep your mug as it now appears on this page. You are an exact replica of my old top kick in the A. E. F., and he was a *pip*.

K. I. C., Albany, N. Y.

Thanks, old-timer, and no disrespect to your top kick, but so many readers commented unfavorably on my portrait (?) that I've had a new one made, and here's looking at you.

I have been in this Army for quite a few years, have traveled several thousand miles and have soldiered and visited in Army towns throughout the country. As one sarge to another, don't you think it's about time for civilians to start treating the soldiers better and to quit looking down their noses at men in uniform? It would also be a good thing to break down the old statement, "No nice girl will go with a soldier unless he is an officer." This is especially true in the South and to a lesser extent in the North. It is not a personal matter . . . I'm a bit too old to care. . . . But I can see it breaking the high spirits and morale of the new soldiers, and it might result in an attitude of "why should we fight for an ungrateful civilian population?" That would be bad for everybody.

Sgt. H. V. A., Fort Crockett, Tex.

Sarge, you have something there. But I've just got back from a swing around the Eastern camps, both North and South, and I can tell you that the old order is changing to an appreciable extent. Not that there isn't a lot of room for improvement . . . there is, and I suppose there always will be . . . yet I found most civilians willing and anxious to do whatever they could for the boys. I can't answer for the girls (I had my wife along), but it seemed to me that there was even more cordiality in the South than in the North. Trouble is that an objectionable civilian is just himself, but an objectionable soldier sticks out like a sore thumb and brings discredit to all other men in uniform. In one little Southern town I saw a soldier who had taken too much "corn" and was making a spectacle of himself. It seemed as though the whole town was out looking at him . . . and he wasn't helping the next uniformed men to come to that town. What I mean is that one rotten apple on top of the barrel makes the rest look bad.

I am a young man of twenty-four years with a wife and child, and I have all the necessary qualifications to enlist in the Army Air Corps except that I am not single. All my life I have wanted to be in the Air Corps and I intend to make it my life-work. If I enlist under a false statement, what will happen to me if it's discovered that I had lied?

L. D. N., Lincoln, Neb.

I am not intentionally evading your question when I answer by saying, "Don't do it." Much as I respect your ambition, I'd be doing you or your family no service if I advised you to take a chance, regardless of any official punishment which might catch up with you. To lie your way in is no way to tackle a new job, and the fact that you wrote to me shows that you couldn't be really happy while sailing under false colors. It's a tough decision to make, but . . . don't do it!

As a sergeant of the first World War, I have been reading your page with a great deal of interest and your answers are almost invariably correct; but I want to set you straight about the right to vote of soldiers and sailors. The Camp Bowie sergeant (May 10 Liberty) knew what he was talking about: Not only does Texas not allow its soldiers and sailors to vote, but also there are eleven other states with similar laws. I think it borders on the criminal not to allow men in the armed forces of our country to vote, while conscientious objectors can do so. Something should be done about it, and I hope Liberty will undertake to remedy this scandalous situation.

H. A. W., Jeffersonville, Ind.

. I greatly appreciate this and the many other letters on the same point. After the May 10 issue of Liberty had gone to press the Attorney General of Texas ruled that Texans called under the Selective Service Act would *not* be entitled to vote in the June 28 United States Senatorial election but that National Guardsmen would be. So the sergeant and I were both right and wrong. I am not prepared to battle over the question of states' rights, but I cannot help but feel that it is an injustice to disfranchise a soldier and not challenge the man who helped build the camp, not to mention the C. O.s.

We hear that entertainment is needed for the men at camp. We are a dramatic group and put on some pretty good shows; at least, they're good for laughs. Whom do we see about offering our services gratis, except possibly transportation in case the camps are a long way out of town?

Miss E. L., Cleveland, Ohio.

Lady, that's a fine spirit. Suggest you write in detail to Chief of Morale Branch, War Department, Washington, D. C. (This will also answer several other letters in which the same question was asked.)

What chance has a stammerer in this man's Army? It may be comedy to some people but it's tragedy to me. No chance for promotion and more

"My mother sewed them on, sir, while I was on leave—I couldn't make her understand!"

pay. I can't instruct or give orders or stand guard, and even to ask for a pass is mental torture. It's plain hell, let me tell you, and what can I do?

Pvt. J. I., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Soldier, you have my sympathy. I had a stammerer in one of my old outfits, and I remember what a bad time he had, although he was one of the most intelligent and reliable men in the platoon. I'd say your only chance was to be transferred to some other work (and I don't mean K. P.) where your affliction would be less of a handicap. Sorry I can't be more definite without knowing more of the circumstances.

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"*Correct!* Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

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● Fast as a racer, staunch as a tank! No wonder these new streamlined armored scout cars are a vital development in mechanized warfare today. Modern design makes the big difference—a difference that's mighty important in national defense.

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Pall Mall's modern design marks the greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a smoother, less irritating smoke. It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

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Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. You'll say—"Correct! Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

How to Fail with a Flourish

The frank confessions of a Hollywood star who tried it—and came up smiling

☆ ALL the while I was working On my latest picture, The Great American Broadcast, at Twentieth Century-Fox, which I call "Retake Alley," I kept inviting Seymour Felix, its dance director, out for an ice-cream soda, on me.

Seymour couldn't figure it. I don't drink—now—but the idea of Oakie, who knows every nickel by its first name, standing treat was enough to mystify anybody who knows me.

But I figured I owed Seymour something—anything up to a quarter—for being the cause of my second failure. I've never been able to pay off Paul Adler, the stockbroker who brought about my first downfall. And I'll never square my debt, either, to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, they who yearly give out the Oscars for the best performances and who this past April, despite the campaign I put on, managed to overlook me completely in that department.

I was nominated for an Oscar all right, for the "best supporting performance," the support I gave being my Mussolini performance opposite Chaplin the Great in The Great Dictator. But did I win? No, sir. I lost out to Walter Brennan. Which was all right in two ways. Walter's a beautiful actor and I had the comfort of knowing that my failures were beginning to get somewhere.

That Academy flop was my finest failure on the basis that the higher you get the harder you fall. I had gotten pretty high up until 1938. I couldn't have gotten much lower than I did by 1940. But my Academy failure was the first time I'd failed in the spotlight, and that hits an actor's pride, which is dearer to him than his own blood.

All actors are egomaniacs. We have to be to have the courage to get up and make monkeys of ourselves before the crowd. We have to have brass. We have to have nerve. The moment an actor loses those qualities, he's lost his self.

So imagine me, the mighty Oakie, whose mind and heart up until then had been made strictly of mirrors, being told in the years 1938 to 1940 he was so washed up that he could only play backstop for a cow. The cow was the late Elsie, one of the nicest cows I've ever met; but even after I played way back in her barnyard in Little Men, they cut me almost entirely out of the epic.

When I realized that I couldn't even stand up to cow competition, I nearly lost my nerve and for weeks I walked around Hollywood lonelier than a pain in a false tooth.

Up until then I'd never had a moment of being anything but Jackie-anna, the glad boy. I had bounced into this world by way of Sedalia, Missouri, on the twelfth of November, 1903, and I had been laughing ever since. I lived various places, Muskogee, Oklahoma; Kansas City; New York; and I was brought up by the most wonderful mother a fellow ever had. My father having died by the time I got out of high school, I hied me to Wall Street and, not at all to my surprise, got a job immediately. I became a telephone clerk for a brokerage house and I resisted knowledge magnificently. I was loud and lousy and that was where Paul Adler came in. He fired me, and no man was ever more right.

I headed uptown. It was "Hello, Broadway, here I come," and because they let me be a chorus boy in Little Nelly Kelly, a George M. Cohan show. It was there that they changed my name from Lewis Delaney Offield to Jack Oakie. I was, in fact, the first of the Oakies, those guys The Grapes of Wrath recently discovered. I got my name the same way they got theirs, from the state I came from, and even up until last year I wasn't too sure I wasn't going back there to join them again; either that or going back to the menu I lived on in 1925, dog food.

That takes explaining. First of all, my passion for the theater was distinctly unrequited. The year was 1925. Male hoofers came a dime a dozen. Little Nelly Kelly closed and I got into Artists and Models and Innocent Eyes and even into a vaudeville act. All that reads better than it lived, because there was a lot of time in between those jobs. If I hadn't had a pal in the canned dog-food business who could get the stuff for me wholesale, I probably would have starved. As it was, I nearly did because, while dog food won't poison you, as a main dish it lacks lure.

All this time, however, I thought I was a wow of a funny guy, and when I finally got into the chorus of Peggy Ann I proceeded to prove it one night when the leading man was going to town on a love number.

Now I have always wanted to be the man with the love, the guy with so much svoom to him that maidens flock around him closer than income-tax collectors around a million-dollar income. However, I recognized some few things as impossible, and every time I shaved, the mirror told me the truth about my pan. Therefore I tried to make ruins out of the Romeos, and that night in Peggy Ann, I mimicked our hero so completely, behind his back but before his public, that I brought down the house—and also brought down Seymour Felix on my head, who in turn brought me down on my posterior in the alley outside the stage door. Seymour told me he'd see to it that I never got another job on Broadway.

That didn't faze me. I didn't have that much sense. I took all the money I had, bought a ticket on a freighter that was going through the Canal, and headed for Hollywood. Three weeks after, there I met Wesley Ruggles, the director, told him how funny I was, and through him got a job at Paramount, which I kept for nine solid years. That meant I started in silent pictures, of course, but when talkies came I went right on with them.

A lot of newcomers came along and made their first pictures with me. There was a chap named Bing Crosby, and a cute little trick named Alice Faye. I also gave the old debut treatment to Lanny Ross, Burns and Allen, Maurice Chevalier, and Lily Pons. When my Paramount contract finally ran out, I signed with RKO. I worked on so many pictures so fast that I didn't have time in between them to lie down. There was even one year in which I made fourteen feature pictures, a record no other comedian has yet equaled. I went around Hollywood calling myself its "insurance man." "With Oakie in the cast, it's insurance the film will be gigantic," I'd boast.

I got so sure of myself that, with my wife, I went on a long tour in Europe in 1938. I hadn't signed a new contract. My old one had run out, but I yearned for a really tony rest. I didn't quite see how Hollywood could get along without me, but still I felt it was the moment for me to go over and give European culture the old brush-off. I took my time about it. I gave London, Paris, and a lot of other good theater towns the chance to see the Oakie in the flesh—and the fleshpots—and then I came back to Sex Appeal Junction, expecting the brass bands and the red carpets, to say nothing of the red apples. And what happened? I suddenly found out that I was the little man who wasn't there. No producer sent for me. No telephone rang for me. No script writers begged for me.

At first I thought it was an accident. I went to see pal this and pal that, but they were always out or in conference or terribly, terribly busy. To begin with, my agent waited in the anterooms, but later I got less proud and I waited in person. When I'd finally get in to see one of the boys, I'd say with much cheery gusto, "Roll out the barrel, boys. I'll come in." Whereupon the polite ones would say that the role was already filled, or the picture already shooting. The ones who weren't so polite would merely tell me I was through.

What really makes failure in a man is the self-doubt that begins to consume you, the painful gag of the world and the bosses telling you you're no good when you are sure, inside yourself, that you are completely terrific. The pain you suffer is strictly from egotism, but the fear you know is strictly from the horror that maybe the world is right and you were always wrong.

I don't blame Hollywood entirely for those two black years I went through when I couldn't get a job of any sort. Some of it was my own fault. I'd got careless in my work. I had got very, very clubby—things that do no one any good. And I'd got completely surrounded with those friends who, when you give them a friendly smile and a whisky-and-soda, pitch a tent in your lap for life. Now suddenly they were all gone. My mother had died. The cup that cheers turned traitor, as it always does when you begin to rely on it. All I had was my wife, my conviction that I was still a handler when it came to comedy lines, and my dogs—I began eying their meals warily.

It was Charlie Chaplin, the greatest comedian there will ever be, who broke the Oakie drought. He sent for me to play the Italian Dictator in his untitled production.

I learned more from Charlie in that year I worked for him than I'd learned in all my years in pictures before. I couldn't be careless for one moment or he'd steal every scene from me. I thought I knew all the tricks—the business of elbowing a guy out of a scene, the routine of walking in front of him when he was reading his best lines, the gag of taking my tempo from him and working either fast or slow in contrast to his fastness or slowness. But Charlie knew more tricks than I did and he was always topping me. In order to keep pace with him at all, I had to climb up on that wagon that paddles the water and stay there. I had to keep my wits about me and my eyes on Charlie, for that guy could give birth to cameras, he knows so much about what goes for them.

I didn't work all that year on The Great Dictator. The salary wasn't one of those every-week-on-Wednesday businesses, so I hunted other work. At Twentieth Century-Fox they finally gave me a chance with Shirley Temple in Young People, and I got that aforementioned job with Elsie the cow in Little Men; but as The Great Dictator wasn't finished, as Young People got held up because of Shirley's temporary retirement from pictures, almost nobody knew I was working, and that's why they decided I was so washed up they might as well eliminate me from Little Men. Those were gloomy days for Oakie, mates.

Then came the script of Tin Pan Alley. Maybe you saw the picture and recall that I played a song plugger who was all the time trying to work out the words for a song that eventually became K-K-Katy, Beautiful K-K-Katy. That's what we call a running gag in pictures, and when I saw that part I knew that if I really got it I was back on the merry-go-round again. For here was a straight part with sympathy, in which you could put the laughs. Here was what I call dramedy—the chance to have the old tear in the throat and cough it up with a laugh.

I read that part and I knew it was a comic's honeymoon, a part so sweet that I wanted to build a nest in it and stay with it forever.

Well, it hit, that part and the picture Tin Pan Alley itself. At the same time The Great Dictator was released, and that was O.K. for laughs, too. Over at RKO they began prowling around the cutting room, and even as they had cut me out of Little Men they now cut me in again. To top that, Twentieth Century signed me up at some fancy folding money.

That was the real comeback candy, and was it sweet!

It was a darb. I felt mighty sharp walking into the cafés and getting the old glad hand again, suddenly finding out that pal this and pal that weren't too busy to see me after all, and comfortingly getting mail from loyal fan friends who said they'd missed me.

I honestly think it's going to be more fun this time whirling around on the same old merry-go-round. A little bit of failure brings a great deal of perspective. Nevertheless, in case Hollywood knocks me off again, I'm prepared.

I'm training my dogs, you see, to demand hamburgers with onions as their daily diet. Next I'm going to convert them to drinking coffee with cream, and after that I'm going to try to make it a national canine movement. Because, just in case I flop again, I want to be sure that dog food will be really a tasty dish.

THE END

Jack Oakie sings, dances, and invents in his latest picture, The Great American Broadcast.

BY JACK OAKIE

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A dazzling new star's in the sky—a guy with a ski-jump nose, a chin of granite, and a wit that's sharper than four gag men put together. The Bob Hope radio programs have most of America tuning in Tuesday nights to the NBC-Red network and the Bob Hope movies have more thousands pouring into the theaters to enjoy further laughfests.

As another of its series of radio broadcasts brought to the printed page, Liberty offers this sample of the Hope wit.

Hope on the Air

Comedian laughs at comedian: Bob Hope reads his piece on the Kentucky Derby in May 10 Liberty.

A four-star broadcast by Bob Hope

☆ HOW do you do, ladies and gentlemen. This is Bob Hope broadcasting. I went to Santa Anita last Saturday. Santa Anita! What a beautiful name. Two lovely words—every year Santa fills your pockets, then Anita goes through them. And what a mob at the track! There was such a crowd, one guy couldn't even raise his arms to cut his throat. I was all out of blue blades anyway. Everybody lost. That's the first time I've seen Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy in their underwear since Boom Town.

They've got a new system at Santa Anita now. If you place a bet at the ten-dollar window an F. B. I. man watches you suspiciously. If you place a bet at the twenty-five-dollar window, a man from the Income Tax Bureau takes your fingerprints. And the fifty-dollar window has a direct wire to Morgenthau.

I don't know whether the first bet I made was good or not, but when I handed the dollar bill through the window George Washington was singing, "There I go." And the horse I bet on! To show you what bad shape he was in, when the crowd yelled, "They're off!" he stopped and looked at his legs. That horse had a very careful jockey. Every time he came to a turn he put his hand out. I don't know why. There was no one behind him.

This horse loved to hug the rail. He not only hugged it—all the way around he kept ordering drinks. He must have been a movie horse; he just crouched up and down and let the scenery do the traveling.

One of Bing Crosby's jockeys was really trying to win. He jabbed the horse so hard with a hatpin, sawdust came out! He ran like he'd already been to the glue factory.

Bing's having a little trouble with his jockeys these days. They're demanding an eight-hour day. But while we were at the track I actually saw one of his horses finish. I don't know how long he'd been running; all I know is that when the jockey dismounted, his first words were: "Well, did he try for a third term?"

And now for one of our famous radio dramas:

SOUND: *Telephone rings. Receiver up.*

HOPE: Hello — Hope Construction Company. . . . Give your dog a house of his own—We'll make one with a built-in bone!

COLONNA: Say, chief, this is your engineer, Colonna. I'm building that dam on the river here, and I'm having some trouble. They just won't follow the plans and the blueprints!

HOPE: Who? The men?

COLONNA: No . . . the beavers!

HOPE: Listen, Colonna, are you getting any work done there?

COLONNA: Certainly; right now I'm very, very busy.

HOPE: What are you doing?

COLONNA: I'm filling up a dam.

HOPE: That's the silliest thing I ever heard of! What possible good is a house without any windows or doors?

COLONNA: *Get me outta here and I'll explain it to you later!*

HOPE: Professor, you mean you built a house like that and trapped yourself inside it?

COLONNA: Yeah. And now a fire just started. The whole house is burning up. There's absolutely no way for me to escape!

SOUND: *Galloping hoofbeats . . . Up fast and fade.*

COLONNA: It's O. K., Hope! A guy on horseback just rode into the building and rescued me!

HOPE: Professor, how could a guy on horseback ride into a burning building with no windows or doors, rescue you, and ride out again? That's impossible!

COLONNA: (*Pause.*) . . . *Go argue with the Lone Ranger!*

SOUND: *Telephone clicks down.*

COBINA: Brenda!

BRENDA: What is it, Cobina?

COBINA: Look at Bobbsie fussing over that Judy Starr. Why don't he

VOICE: (*Tough.*) C'mon, kid, order me another drink.

COLONNA: One of the Bolder dams!

SOUND: *Receiver clicks down.*

BRENDA: Say, look at this bridge, Bobbsie. Ain't it a beautiful piece of construction work?

HOPE: Yes, Brenda; now put it back in your mouth!

SOUND: *Telephone bell. Receiver clicks up.*

HOPE: Hello — Hope Construction Company! We lay cornerstones—with eggs to match!

COLONNA: (*On filter mike.*) Hello, Hope? Great news. I've just finished building another marvelous invention. It's a house without any windows or doors!

ever fuss over me? Don't you think I'm something like Judy Starr?

BRENDA: Well, in some places you are, and in some places you aren't, and where you aren't you certainly hit the jackpot. Now me, I got something to brag about!

COBINA: Yeah, and what you brag about drags about! Gee, did you hear Bobbsie talkin' about them night clubs? (*Sighs.*) I was just thinkin'. I remember when I was entertainin' in night clubs . . . and all them rich playboys used to drink champagne from my slipper!

BRENDA: They drank champagne from your slipper? Then what happened?

COBINA: *They drowned!* . . . (*Sighs.*) But with all that success I was lonely. They showered me with pearls, they showered me with diamonds, but still I was lonely.

BRENDA: Some one should have showered you with Lifebuoy!

COBINA: Oh, you! I'd snatch a handful of your hair out, if you had any!

BRENDA: Cobina, you don't mean to imply that I'm bald, do you?

COBINA: I don't know whether you're bald or not, Brenda. All I know is, from the back you look like Guy Kibbee from the front! Oh. (*Moans.*) Oh, Brenda, I *still* feel sick!

BRENDA: Oh, you poor thing. You still ain't recovered from last week when they tried to poison you at Santa Anita!

COBINA: It isn't that, Brenda. It's what I read in the papers last week about that girl who stowed away on a navy destroyer! Now why would any girl wanna stow away on a navy destroyer?

BRENDA: I'm sure I don't know!

COBINA: . . . (*Pause.*) . . . Are you kidding?

BRENDA: Just look at that Judy Starr. She thinks she's the only one who's worked in night clubs.

COBINA: Remember what good times we had when we worked in night clubs? (*Sighs.*) Remember how I used to come out and sing Little Brown Jug?

BRENDA: Yeah, and from inside it, too!

COBINA: (*Sighs.*) Gee, I was a great dancer. Everybody who saw me do my dance said I was some hoofer.

BRENDA: Cobina, they didn't say hoofer, they said *heifer!*

ORCHESTRA: Introduction Andalucia.

HOPE: Good-by once more. And, thanks to your encore,
We'll meet next Tuesday night.
Please dial some more, as you have done before;
Your seat we're holding tight.
We'll be back again next week, folks, with the same gang and . . .

GOODWIN: Bob Hope!

HOPE: Thanks, Bill. Good night, every one.

GOODWIN: This is Bill Goodwin speaking for Pepsodent. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

SOUND: *Chimes.*

THE END

"Just because they're twins—she spoils them twice as much!"

The twin's grandmother learns there's a difference between "spoiling" and modern child care

1. My mother-in-law was off on her favorite subject again! "I'm not one to meddle," she was saying, "but *someone* ought to tell Joyce that if she doesn't stop kow-towing to these twins they'll be spoiled for life!"

2. "Now, mother," Dad Jones said, "you let the children bring up their babies in their own way." "Why, I wouldn't dream of interfering," my mother-in-law exclaimed. "But—my word! Special foods, special soap, special this and that . . ."

3. "And *even*," I interrupted, "a SPECIAL LAXATIVE! Pinkie's going to get some of it right now. I'm not spoiling the twins, Mother Jones, I love them too much for that. I'm bringing them up exactly as the doctor told me to!"

4. "The doctor says a baby's system is delicate. You can't treat it like an adult's. Babies *need* things especially designed for them. So of course they need a special laxative, too. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."

5. "The doctor said I'd find Fletcher's Castoria thorough—yet always mild and *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to upset a youngster's digestion. What's more . . . the twins are crazy about it. Watch this!"

6. Pinkie took her Fletcher's Castoria and licked the spoon! But Winkie howled 'cause he wasn't getting any! So Mother Jones grinned and said if *that* was the modern way, she'd see to it that *all* her grandchildren get Fletcher's Castoria from now on!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

Why Lindbergh Act that Way

Is he a man with a dictator's mind? . . An arresting, provocative look at a tragic past

☆ FOR several weeks in these pages an inquiry has been going on as to the motives which actuate Charles Augustus Lindbergh in the present emergency.

The time has now come to sum up our findings, to suggest the various conclusions which might fairly be drawn from them—in short, to place the case in the hands of you, the jury.

In the beginning we tried to make very clear the fact that there was nothing in our undertaking which reflected in the slightest degree on "Mr. Lindbergh's integrity as a man or his patriotism as an American."

And now we are delighted to reaffirm unequivocally our belief in his sincerity and in his right, so long as we are not actually at war, to express freely *any* views which he sincerely holds.

That is the spirit in which the inquiry was undertaken; it is the spirit in which we wish it to end.

On the other hand, it is impossible to ignore the fact that a great many Americans—just as sincere as is Mr. Lindbergh—do not look upon him or his recent activities in any such light.

It has been our duty therefore, in the spirit of impartial inquiry, to examine also the viewpoints of these critics who believe their former hero is actuated by motives of personal ambition, or that he is being used, doubtless without his knowledge, as an agent or front man for men and movements definitely unfriendly to our democratic form of government.

These accusations against Mr. Lindbergh have taken many forms—none of them, I think we have established, justified by an impartial examination of the facts.

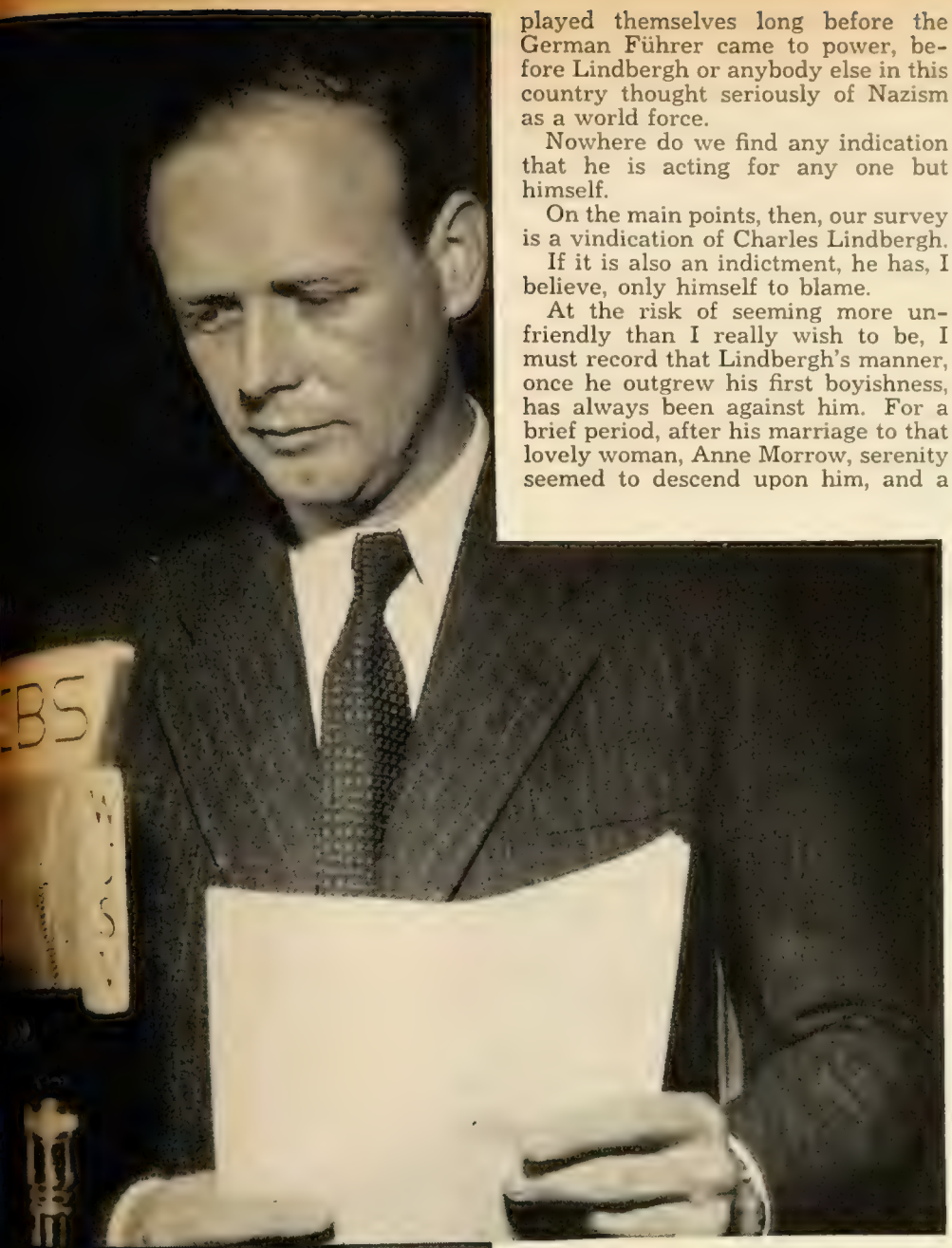
When he began his radio addresses, the suggestion was made that he was being put up to them by political forces eager to pit his popularity against President Roosevelt's in the hope of forestalling a third term. That explanation eliminated itself last November.

Rumors also circulated to the effect that financial interests close to the Morrow family might be putting pressure on him to align himself with the cause of American Fascism. But no one has been more outspoken in opposition to her son-in-law's program than that fine woman, Elizabeth Morrow; and on the very day Charles Lindbergh resigned his commission in the United States Army, the late Dwight Morrow's partner and closest friend, Thomas W. Lamont, active head of the House of Morgan, delivered an eloquent address urging all-out aid to the democracies.

That Hitler's Nazi regime rejoices in Lindbergh's activities and takes great comfort from them is obvious in the short-wave broadcasts of Lord Haw-Haw and his fellows, whose words, in many cases, parallel so closely Lindbergh's own. That Hitler would be delighted to use Lindbergh as spearhead of a Nazi attack on democracy in this hemisphere is also undoubtedly true; but that doesn't mean that Hitler is doing it, or that he could.

Lindbergh and Kathleen Norris and Senator Walsh of Massachusetts, principal speakers at a recent isolationist rally in New York, sponsored by the America First Committee.

On the other hand, there is every evidence that the qualities in Charles Lindbergh which seem to indicate sympathy with a static society dis-



Above: At the mike in May, 1940, calling for an end to "hysterical chatter" of invasion. Left: Telling the House Foreign Affairs Committee America needn't fear invasion by air.

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

played themselves long before the German Führer came to power, before Lindbergh or anybody else in this country thought seriously of Nazism as a world force.

Nowhere do we find any indication that he is acting for any one but himself.

On the main points, then, our survey is a vindication of Charles Lindbergh.

If it is also an indictment, he has, I believe, only himself to blame.

At the risk of seeming more unfriendly than I really wish to be, I must record that Lindbergh's manner, once he outgrew his first boyishness, has always been against him. For a brief period, after his marriage to that lovely woman, Anne Morrow, serenity seemed to descend upon him, and a kind of mature charm. He had apparently grown up and grown out of a sort of childish boorishness which had characterized his previous contacts with all but a select few of his fellow men.

Little homely stories sometimes seeped out of the carefully guarded precincts of "Next Day Hill," the Morrow estate in Englewood, or the newly completed Lindbergh mansion in the Sourlands. For example, there was the one about the big Scottie, Thor, which, when told to "Go take the little dog for a walk," would seize the leash of the small Scottie, Skene, and march it proudly around the estate.

A man who liked dogs and had fun with them, we all felt, couldn't be going far wrong!

In fact, hope was expressed even among newspaper people, who had long since discovered the harsher side of Lindbergh's character, that the charming woman he had married would soften the young man, make him more like the romantic, chivalrous hero of the fairy tale which they themselves had woven about him.

But as months passed, and his apparent surliness toward the public that worshiped him returned with new force, it became increasingly clear that too much had been expected of Anne.

All of which does not mean that, in this matter of being king in his own castle, he was not pretty much as other husbands are. From the time of Adam, man has tried to tell woman what to do and when to do it. And I call attention to this familiar situation in the Lindbergh household, which began to show itself as far back as 1929, merely because of the light it may throw on what has seemed to many the most baffling part of the latest Lindbergh mystery: the role Mrs. Lindbergh has played.

Like her husband, Mrs. Lindbergh is entitled to express her own views and to have them accepted as her own. Since she has now stated them and restated them with great clarity, we cannot question that she sincerely believes them—even when they seem to conflict with those principles of democratic government to which her distinguished father was devoted, and for which many of her ancestors laid down their lives.

However, the reasons why people reach conclusions are not always as clear, even to the people themselves, as the conclusions reached. There is a certain amount of "Whither thou goest, I will go" in every loyal wife. Also, it must be admitted, charity is not the only thing which sometimes begins at home.

Be that as it may, the Lindbergh manner, increasingly although perhaps misleadingly, gave the impression that he was becoming impervious, as his friend and his father-in-law's biographer, Harold Nicolson, later expressed it, to everything outside his own legend—"the legend of the lad from Minnesota whose head could not be turned."

Then came the tragedy-laden night of March 1, 1932, when the infant Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., disappeared from the Lindbergh mansion in the Sourlands.

At this point in the Lindbergh saga, for understandable reasons, the present writer and many others, who have made a long study of the subject, have been accustomed to draw a veil.

At the time, and for years thereafter, what Lindbergh did or did not do, what traits he disclosed or failed to disclose during this period, seemed unimportant compared with his grief and the world's grief over the death of this child.

But that was long ago, when the world was at peace, and one's sense of proportion is different in time of war. Many thousands of children have died since then from starvation and

organized brutality in Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece, at the word of one man. And many of these children were loved by their parents, just as little Charles Lindbergh was loved by his.

So perhaps those who were nearest to Lindbergh in his hour of trial may be forgiven for lifting the veil from those tragic months if, as some believe, in his conduct at that time lies the key to the man's character and to the mystery of his present course.

To quote one such citizen, whose duty kept him in almost daily touch with every move Lindbergh made:

"He was going to supervise the search for his child. He wanted no advice; he wanted to command. And command he did, calmly, calculatingly."

A good many people agree that this investigation which the Colonel conducted was a poor one, and that the man hunt, although technically and officially successful, left many problems still to be solved.

But the main point, so far as it affects our analysis of why Lindbergh acts the way he does in 1941, is not whether Lindbergh conducted a good investigation or didn't. The main point, these critics insist, is that he conducted it at all. We have in this country, they explain, as one of the most sacred bulwarks of democracy, constituted authorities for the investigation and punishment of crime. Such activities are not private matters. Private citizens, if they participate in them at all, should do so under the strict surveillance of law-enforcement officers.

☆ PERSONALLY, I do not believe that Lindbergh deliberately set out to violate these established democratic principles. When he himself was involved, he apparently lacked confidence in the constituted authorities. He felt he could do better himself. But I do believe that his lending himself to the transferring of official investigation headquarters from their appointed fields of operations to his own remote and carefully guarded home, and his apparent willingness to take final responsibility as to what should or should not be done, were most unfortunate, since they seemed to suggest that same distrust of democratic procedure—the thought, perhaps unconscious, that democratic procedure leads to confusion and bungling—which makes him say today that the war of the democracies against the totalitarian Powers was lost before it began.

Said his friend Nicolson, in what was meant to be a defense of his more recent activities:

"His mind had been sharpened by fame and tragedy until it had become as hard as metal and as narrow as a chisel." "His simplicity became muscle-bound; his virility and ideas became not merely inflexible but actually rigid; his self-confidence thickened into arrogance and his convictions hardened into granite." "He identified the outrage to his private life first with the popular press" . . . and then, possibly, with freedom of speech.

Other former admirers are, of course, much more outspoken. And in view of Lindbergh's present open acceptance of the alleged inevitability of the triumph of the dictatorial form of government, a sinister interpretation has been put by some on what has hitherto been accepted as a strictly personal trait affecting only himself and his immediate circle.

Lindbergh, these critics say, hopes and plans to be to the United States of America what Adolf Hitler is to Germany and the conquered countries of Europe. But, as already stated, there is not one bit of evidence to lead us to believe that he has any such ambition. I think, and I believe I have shown, that there is a much simpler explanation for his activities in his sudden riches and the effect they have had on him.

☆ WE are too apt to forget that, within a few weeks after his memorable landing at Le Bourget, Charles Lindbergh—due to huge receipts from book royalties and newspaper syndication—was a rich man. And in the next few months and years he grew rapidly richer.

Add the fact that he had married the daughter of Morgan Partner Dwight W. Morrow, who was potentially one of America's very wealthy women, and it becomes evident that, on the financial side—so long as the world remained safely in the hands of the rich and great—Charles Lindbergh had little about which to worry.

And the fact is, he didn't worry. By 1931—four years after his graduation from a mail pilot's salary bracket—he had bought himself that four-hundred-acre estate in New Jersey's Sourlands, built himself an imposing mansion, and prepared to live the life of the landed gentry.

There was nothing sinister in this action, nothing that savored even remotely of Fascist leanings, but there was in it, undoubtedly, an overwhelming desire to get away from the public which had given him his fame and his riches and to seek sanctuary among those people who, he believed, were rich enough and powerful enough to give him the privacy which he now considered essential to his happiness.

In taking this step, Charles Lindbergh was doing only what newly rich and suddenly rich young men have done since the beginning of time. A person who has had nothing and who suddenly has a great deal either goes out and spends his substance in riotous living or else takes elaborate steps to protect what he has. There seems to be no middle course.

Lindbergh, as we well know, does not belong to the first group. The bright lights do not beckon. He is the grimly serious type. Except for a weakness for practical jokes, he has given few signs of a sense of humor, and, except for a few wholesome outdoor sports like flying and sailing, no signs of being a pleasure-loving person.

On the other hand, he is shrewd, businesslike, naturally acquisitive. While still less than thirty, he had made his pile, and he naturally wished to protect it, increase it.

No more elaborate explanation is needed to account for his having turned to the company and ways of life of the men who had shown themselves able to protect their riches, and who might be able to help him protect his.

Is any more elaborate explanation needed to explain his attitude today?

Many of the financial giants to whom he looked for security in 1928 and 1929 are no longer financial giants—were not in 1938, when Lindbergh went to Berlin and accepted his Nazi medal at the hands of Göring. Even those who remained solvent lacked the power to protect him and men like him as they had been able to do when he first became a rich man. In their place had grown up a new race of giants—millionaires of force.

I do not say that Lindbergh has turned to these as he did to the Morrows and the Morgans. I am quite willing to believe that it was the merest chance which placed him in a position to receive that Hitler medal, the merest rumor that he was house hunting in the Nazi capital when the storm of disapproval broke around his head.

I am quite willing to believe that he loathes Hitlerism in many of its forms.

Yet it would be understandable—wouldn't it?—if with his wealth and his apparent desire to protect himself and all he possesses, he should naturally feel that this country should take the position which to him would seem least likely to upset our present economy. War not only means high—perhaps confiscatory—taxes, but to many it means possible revolution, and from the Left. For years the Hitler pretense was that of fighting Bolshevism, which by many is still regarded as the most serious threat to private property and to our way of living.

☆ MANY another man, situated financially as Lindbergh is, in this country and even in England, has been similarly impressed and similarly convinced that the only way we can hope to live comfortably in a Hitlerized world is by making our peace—or, rather, his peace—with Hitler.

Many another man, not so well fixed financially as Lindbergh is, believes that way, too.

It is his privilege.

It is Lindbergh's privilege.

But, since you live in one part of the world that is not yet Hitlerized, it is your privilege either to agree or disagree with him.

We have tried to present both sides of the case.

You, the jury, must bring in the verdict!

THE END

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ BLOOD AND SAND

This newest adaptation by Twentieth Century-Fox of Vicente Blasco Ibañez's novel—it originally was filmed in 1922—is a lovely tapestry of warm and vibrant colors. But it lacks the thing that made the other, older adaptation unforgettable. It lacks Rudolph Valentino's performance.

Ibañez wrote an arresting story of a ragged urchin, penniless orphan son of a once famous bullfighter, who became Spain's greatest matador and the idol of the masses. But Juan Gallardo lives as recklessly as did his father; he forgets the love of his childhood sweetheart and wife in his mad infatuation for a worldly, calculating beauty of passion and loveliness.

Tyrone Power is a nice young man of some abilities but he fails completely to realize the possibilities of the role made famous by Valentino. Rudy's Gallardo, as your Beverly Hills remembers it, had a believable animal fervor, an earthy moodiness colored by sex and poverty. Best of the 1941 cast is Rita Hayworth as the heartless aristocrat, Doña Sol, once done picturesquely by Nita Naldi. Linda Darnell is the wife, Nazimova is Juan's mother, Laird Cregar makes the most of the role of a fawning, shifty bullfight critic.

The company worked for weeks in Mexico City on the bullfight sequences. Armillita, celebrated matador who gets $3,000 every time he steps into an arena, doubled for Tyrone.

★ ★ ★ THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

For seventy-three minutes Walt Disney, in his newest RKO Radio release, takes you inside his studio, shows a whole lot of the expert magic trickery which endows drawings with lifelike animation, shows two or three complete comedy sequences, culminating in a short fanciful comedy built around Kenneth Grahame's fable, The Reluctant Dragon.

Even with amusing Robert Benchley acting as a baffled gentleman touring the Disney studio, everything doesn't come off quite as spontaneously as was anticipated. The film drags—but the glimpses of cartoon comedies in the making will have interest for you, I suspect. All the Disney secrets are revealed. Is it a good thing to tell your secrets? I wonder.

★ ★ ★ LOVE CRAZY

William Powell and Myrna Loy are together again in another of those farces designed by Hollywood (and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) to meet the world's need for laughter.

Bill and Myrna play the loving Mr. and Mrs. Steve Ireland, about to celebrate their third wedding anniversary. Then things happen. Mrs. Ireland thinks that Steve is interested in an old flame. She sues for divorce, so Steve feigns insanity to prevent a decree. Before he knows it, the courts order him lodged in a sanitarium. He escapes, *sans* mustache and dressed as a woman—and this sequence is the funniest in the film.

Powell is suavely amusing, Miss Loy isn't quite as effervescent as usual, Gail Patrick makes her bit as the other woman quite charming. This has diverting moments but the humor wears thin in spots.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter.

★★★—Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

THE RELUCTANT REPUBLIC, by Frederic F. Van de Water.

This is straight history of the birth throes of a state whose natives still are distinguished by the unique combination of qualities that resisted fiercely all attempts at domination by outside "authority," including the early U. S. A. We don't mean Texas, but Vermont, which also was an independent republic before admission to the Union. An accomplished writer can make history most readable without cluttering it with dummy characters in "novel" form.

INSTALL A PHILCO AUTO RADIO IN YOUR CAR

Philco . . . world's largest manufacturer of automobile radios . . . brings you for 1941 the greatest *values* ever produced for tone, performance, features and beauty at any price you wish to pay. Enjoy your favorite programs as you ride; keep up with the news; install a Philco . . . America's Favorite Radio . . . in your car.

Easily Installed, with Controls and Speaker to Match the Panel of Any Car, New or Old.

Models from $22.50 to $62.50

POWERFUL 7-TUBE PHILCO PORTABLE

for vacations, outings, picnics, boating...or anywhere indoors

Thrilling tone . . . power, sensitivity and selectivity never before known or expected in a portable radio is now yours, thanks to a sensational *7-tube* circuit, newly developed by Philco engineers. Gives you fine performance where ordinary portables fail. Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors, on self-contained battery or any house current. *Model 842T, illustrated, $29.95, complete with batteries.*

Models from $19.95 to $49.95

Complete with Batteries
Prices slightly higher Denver and West.

SEE AND HEAR THEM At Your Philco Dealer

Amazing New Type of Liquid Cleaner!

Now a liquid Simoniz Kleener, as well as a paste! Easier to use! Faster! Gives longer-lasting results than polishes and cleaner-waxes! Brings back all the glorious lustre your car had when brand-new. And to preserve the finish, protect it with Simoniz. Give your car this world-famous beauty treatment today!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Liberty's $2,000 Cash Prize
HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

☆ BELOW is the eleventh in the Liberty series of the United States Flag Quiz Contest. Probably you have already entered and have set down your answers to the earlier sets of questions, in which case you are all set to go on with this week's quiz.

If you have not started but intend to get into this big patriotic game and file a claim for some of the cash prizes, *now* is the time to act. This is the last issue in which late-entry reprints of foregoing quizzes will be offered, as explained in detail in the adjacent column. It is vitally important to you, if you have not entered and want to do so.

You're on the home stretch now and we are sure that you will not want to do anything that would spoil your chances of winning one of the generous prizes offered in this contest. Read the brief Rules carefully so that you will understand exactly how to go about constructing a prize-winning entry. These Rules were established for the protection of every contestant and must be adhered to in order to ensure complete fairness to all.

Don't overlook the Chart of Flags of American Liberty that we have been able to make available as an important accessory in this contest. It will prove not only interesting and at once enlightening on the growth of our flag, but will be a great time-saver in eliminating hours of research.

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you are entering this contest from this page and need the first ten sets of questions to bring your entry up to date, do not delay in ordering your set of reprints. *This is the final reprint offer.* No quizzes after No. 10, which appeared last week, will be supplied. If you need any or all of the quizzes which have appeared before No. 11 on this page, mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in postage to cover cost of mailing and handling. When reprints are received you will have time to fill in the answers and bring your entry even with the field. Make sure that your order is mailed in time to reach us on or before *Monday, June 30.* Requests arriving after that dead-line date must be returned unfilled at the close of the contest. Act now!

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 11

The Stars and the Bars, o'er the land and the sea,
The symbol of courage and man's unity,
That Lost Cause of honor, which reached round the World,
Of undying valor, let it ne'er be furled,
Yea, raise it up higher to Heaven's far glow,
That men may turn skyward wherever men go.

—Howard Wiswall Bible.

1. Identify the flag referred to in the above stanza.
2. Name the states that the stars in the canton of the flag referred to in the above stanza represent.
3. Upon our flag how many stripes abut upon the starry field?
4. How many stars have been added to the Union since 1898?
5. When displayed above a street or between buildings, in what position should the flag of the United States be suspended?

Copyright, 1941, Howard W. Bible.

THE HOUSE ON HARMONY STREET

Continued from Page 24

made his way carefully. He would follow that man. He was told to follow him.

Stanleigh stopped a moment. A small bit of gravel rolled down the path to him. Some one was there—behind him—every sense except sight told him so. Hans or some one from the Steen. Either one was ominous in the darkness on this desolate path.

He said suddenly, as though seeing, "Oh, it's you, Hans!"

There was no answer. He braced himself for the fellow's leap—if it came. It didn't. But he could feel the invisible body drawing nearer. "How do you come to be down here, Hans?" he asked, "on this deserted path?" Now he knew the big body was not more than a few feet away. There was a wide flat place here by the river. If he could reach it and step aside from the path— No. It had to be now. He stood very quietly and he could hear nothing, but he knew Hans was there.

Suddenly Hans spoke. "Herr Schmidt says I bring you home."

"No." Peter made his voice carry all the defiance in him. What would Hans do now?

"So—yes," said Hans and reached out a pair of bearlike arms that did not touch Stanleigh, who had expected and eluded them. But the moon was coming out from behind a cloud and it showed the two men standing there. Hans saw Stanleigh now silhouetted, and Peter saw Hans. Hans was angry at the way he had been dodged.

"I do not like you, so now—!" There was a threat in his voice that stopped at words. He flung his big arms around Stanleigh and in that moment Stanleigh's right arm was raised and came down swiftly. The flat knife he had carried in his sleeve—the only weapon he'd been able to keep in these weeks—drove into the big fellow and the crushing arms relaxed. He tried to catch Hans as he fell so that he would not make too loud a thud. He lowered him to the path.

Perhaps others were looking out, seeing silhouettes too. Peter made for the buildings farther along the river. He worked around them in the shadow, and when he came out into a safer place he turned on his blue flashlight and looked to see if there were blood on him. He could not see any.

He heard no sounds of any one following. And so he started for Zurenborg. It was a good walk from here, but he must make it, no matter whom he met.

He came to the corner of Dupon's shop. He saw no lights in it, but there were no lights in any house on the square. He fitted his key in the lock. The door was held from inside.

"Who?" said Dupon's voice.

"For God's sake, let me in," said Peter.

The door opened a crack. "Oh, *you!* Good." Dupon shut the door as Peter leaned against the inner wall to get his breath. He hadn't known he needed it till now.

"But why haven't you gone?" he said.

Mme. Dupon and young Jean stood there looking at him anxiously. Jean started to speak but his mother stopped him by putting her hand on his shoulder warningly. "You have a message to send. Tell me and I'll get at it immediately. Time enough to explain when that's done."

"Yes, but I'll send it myself. You must go quickly. Where's Melanie?"

"Jean," said his mother, "you tune in the wireless." He went to obey and she turned to Stanleigh. She had hoped to keep the news until he had finished his job, but she saw that was impossible. "Melanie has not come yet," she said.

"But she was to come this afternoon!"

"Perhaps she was delayed."

"And you have waited, knowing it was dangerous to wait?"

Dupon spoke, "We could not leave Melanie."

Stanleigh thought swiftly. "They have traced the radio to Zurenborg. They wait only for the next broadcast to locate it exactly. When I begin to speak, the net will start closing in. You must go now—without delay," he insisted. "I'll try to stay free somehow—long enough to find Melanie."

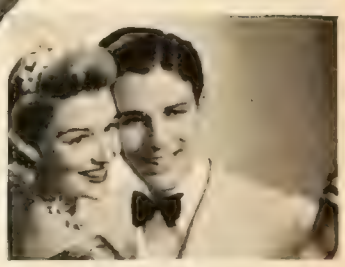
"But you were to escape to the Tête de Flandre," said Dupon.

The HAIR-RAISING experiences of Hairy Harry!

The Wind Got It: Harry took a ride with the top down and the wind left his hair looking like tumbleweed. Just look at it—as dry and dusty as a cattle ranch.

The Sea Got It: Then the sea washed away the natural oils of his hair, added a little sand and stirred into a frightful mess which Harry promptly baked in the sun for two hours.

GreaseGotIt: Harry tried grease to restore his hair and all the girls tried someone else. Poor Harry, he's beginning to think he should shave it off and start all over again.



Kreml Got It: Now he uses Kreml every day; no more dryness, no more stickiness. Kreml leaves hair soft and lustrous looking. How about trying it? Get a bottle today.

WE all have exciting times in summer—and what with sun, wind and water, few of us escape hair-raising experiences like Harry's. To combat this condition use Kreml, the famous tonic-dressing. Kreml gives hair a neat, clean, lustrous look—not greasy or gooey. And Kreml removes dandruff scales—checks excessive falling hair—relieves pesky itching scalp.

Women, too, like Kreml. It helps keep coiffures in splendid condition for permanents—makes them look lovelier.

For summer shampoos, use Kreml's perfect partner, Kreml Shampoo. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it leaves your scalp tingling clean, your hair glowing.

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

What Other Cigarette Has All 5?

DOMINO

1. A Quality Blend of choice mild-smoking imported and domestic tobaccos.

2. Firmly Rolled to better filter the smoke.

3. Vacuum-Cleaned to remove small tobacco particles.

4. Rolled in expensive Champagne Paper.

5. Modern Price, your savings will buy a new camera, radio or other luxuries you've wanted.

"AMERICA'S BEST CIGARETTE BUY"

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS: People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

"Look like a ghost—who, ME?"

Pasty-white complexion—"factory skin" some call it . . . comes from working indoors away from sun and fresh air all day.

If you want to restore that clean, wholesome glow to your face—then give yourself the massage famous for over 30 years—wake up your face with a good, stirring Pompeian Massage.

Never go on an important date—social or business—without first taking a Pompeian Massage. You'll look like you just came out of a band box. It's simple . . . it's quick! Moisten your face after shaving . . . and spread on Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Now massage your face vigorously. Any dirt that's on your face will come rolling off—the Pompeian Cream you spread on clean-pink comes off dirt-grey. Now a cold towel and then, your mirror! There's that clean, lively glow on your face—that successful look! Get a jar today at your drug, department or dime store—or send for special offer below.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

"That was this morning's idea. I may get there yet—but the chances are against it." They certainly were against it if he had to go back to the House, and if Melanie were being held there, he would do it. There was, of course, the chance that they had not found Hans; but if he arrived and Hans didn't! He was unaware of the news concerning Peter Stanleigh, unaware that a man had already taken off in a plane for France bearing his photograph for identification by the Russian agent.

Jean called, "It is ready—"

Stanleigh went to the little cubicle, sat in the hairdresser's chair, and tilted the permanent-wave helmet so he could speak into the microphone within it. "Go on," he said to Pierre Dupon. "If any one comes, you could not pretend to be giving me a permanent wave. Hurry now!"

"If any one comes, I fear *he* will give you the permanent wave," said Dupon unhappily.

☆ PETER put on the earphones and called his home station in the underground offices of British Intelligence. Jean stayed at the controls till a voice answered and was clear. Stanleigh motioned him to go. He got old Helly-John, who swore lustily.

"Don't you obey orders?" he demanded. "I told you to get across the river."

"Here's the whole plan," said Stanleigh, in a hurry to get through. "Take it fast."

Then he began his report, repeating some of what he'd sent previously and adding the approximate strength of each attacking force as indicated on the Steen map. Taken out of spoken code and military terms the gist of it was: A widespread all-out Axis attack. Main objective—Eire. General plan: attacks on British convoys as far west of Ireland as possible to draw naval defense units in that direction away from the regular line—planes and ships, as reported yesterday. Tomorrow, regardless of the official position of the Spanish government, attack on Gibraltar by planes plus mobilization of Nazi troops already in Spain as tourists. Plan to use French Morocco for plane base abandoned due to opposition within African colonies. Planes based in southern France and west Italian coast. Simultaneous fresh attack in eastern Mediterranean to keep part of British fleet too busy there to go to aid of Gibraltar. Hope to draw down R. A. F. from England. With attention on these maneuvers, seaplanes from Tromsö to attack Scotland, drawing away number of planes held in England for home defense. New big guns from French coast to shell Channel towns. During these widely placed diversions, the attack on Eire would be launched from Lorient base—submarines, cruisers, battleships, waves of planes, later landing of parachute troops. Also, possible use of new stratosphere Zeppelin releasing small radio-controlled bombers over Northern Ireland as well as Eire. Zeppelin now based for safety near Copenhagen. This main attack to be begun the night following Gibraltar attack—about forty-eight hours from now.

"After they get Eire, they'll use it as a base to go after England—that is their idea," Peter finished.

"And what the jumping blazes do they think we're going to be doing all this time—playing tiddlywinks?" demanded the irate Helly-John.

"No time for fun," said Peter.

"Righto. We'll go after some of those plane bases tonight. Catch 'em before they start."

Stanleigh began giving more details. And as he gave them, he was aware that the Dupons had not gone. Elise came to the door of the booth. He could see her in the mirror above the dressing table in front of him. Then Melanie appeared in the mirror beside her. Stanleigh's voice suddenly took on a new tone. Melanie touched his cheek very carefully so as not to disturb him.

"I say—what's happened to you?" demanded Helton.

"It's all right—never mind—just listen!" Stanleigh went on with his information. Then in the mirror he saw Melanie's momentary happiness at seeing him give way to an expression of the anxiety that was in her. "That's the main part of it," he told Helly-John, "but hang on a minute—I'll be back." He turned to Melanie.

She explained. Schmidt had called her back from her room and kept her at work on some long and needless typing. It had been impossible to get away until a few minutes ago.

He kissed her swiftly. "Go—you must go now with Elise and Pierre." He motioned Pierre to take her.

"Let me stay with you. I don't care what happens!" she begged.

"No—it won't do, darling. You remember—I told you this morning—I'll meet you in England."

☆ THERE was a sharp knock on the door of the shop.

"Quick!" said Peter.

Elise and Pierre stepped in and took Melanie firmly on either side. Peter smiled at her. He tried to make it reassuring.

"Jean! Through the cellar to Spaak's and then through to—" Peter heard Elise Dupon's voice fade out as she hurried her son and her husband and Melanie and closed the door behind them.

The pounding on the front door changed to blows to break it down. Stanleigh spoke into the microphone again. "Are you there? I think they're coming in to get me. One more thing—What? Yes, I'll try to meet MacTigue, but I've another engagement at nine. I may have to keep it. Cheerio!" The door was giving way. He switched off the current.

Can Peter escape? Will the Dupons and Melanie be able to get away before Fräulein Doktor's henchmen catch them? The dramatic last chapter comes next week—crammed with excitement, surprises and hazards.

YES—WE MUST AIR-CONDITION AMERICA—Continued from Page 15

emergency there will be an undreamed-of surge in civil aviation. There will be hundreds of thousands of jobs in it, and jobs are the chief problem of young people today.

What expense connected with these courses is beyond the resources of local or state authorities should be borne by the federal government.

The work with gliders should begin in high school. Simple gliders should be constructed by the aviation "career students" in manual-training classes. Flying them should constitute laboratory work as related to regular classroom work in aviation.

I believe training in power planes should be continued in the colleges, as at present—and enlarged. Possibly soaring—sustained motorless flight—also should be taught at the college level, or perhaps some of it near the end of high school and more of it in college. It teaches a pilot to use the forces of the air, whereas with a motor he overpowers them.

Why, you may ask, go to all this trouble and expense?

First, for our own national security in the years to come. Said Major Al Williams in a recent column:

"The real combat strength of any nation's defense forces is not in the army and navy and air services, but in the availability of suitably trained civilian reserves. . . .

"Pilots with 35 to 50 hours in the air are not fighting pilots. But they are airmen. And it's from airmen that fighting pilots are developed. As a practical airman, I maintain that this Government should immediately launch a major program for stimulating private civilian flying and the production, in appropriate batches, of 100,000 . . . light airplanes."

This is a partial restatement of what has become an American tradition. We live for peace and commerce. Therefore we build facilities for peaceful commerce. But we know, realistically, that occasionally international bullies arise, and when those bullies come along we have to interrupt our normal life long enough to smack 'em down. So these facilities for peaceful commerce are built in such a way that they are convertible to purposes of national defense. And people who can fly airplanes are at least as precious a national resource today as roads or inland waterways.

The other side of it is that we now are undergoing a tremendous expansion in our aviation productive capacity which cannot be permitted to go to waste.

The aircraft industry employed 50,000 workers on January 1, 1940, and 125,000 a year later. The number is expected to be 400,000 by next January. Its production was valued at $125,000,000 in 1938, and $550,000,000 last year. It is expected to exceed *three billion dollars* next year, when, due to curtailment in automobiles, the aviation industry is likely to rank second only to steel in volume.

What will we do with this unparalleled productive power when the flow of military orders dries up? Will we condemn the hundreds of thousands who are going so hopefully into aviation skills to a return to relief?

I don't believe we will. I believe that as a nation we will sprout wings, just as we sprouted wheels. All first-class mail will go by air. There will be feeder air lines to smaller cities and pick-up service to the villages. Our airlines carried three million passengers last year. Two years after peace returns to the world they will carry twenty million, and half a million Americans will be flying their own planes. Regular freight planes will be plying the airways.

Civil aviation can become the new industrial frontier which we have been needing these last twelve years. It can employ vast quantities of idle men and idle money. It can promote understanding and good will between peoples who are far apart, and thus perhaps put off a recurrence of the horrors that are happening today.

But it can do these things only if our rising generation is conditioned to take to the air as naturally as South Sea Islanders take to the water.

THE END

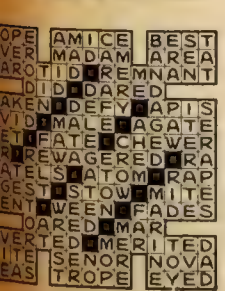
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

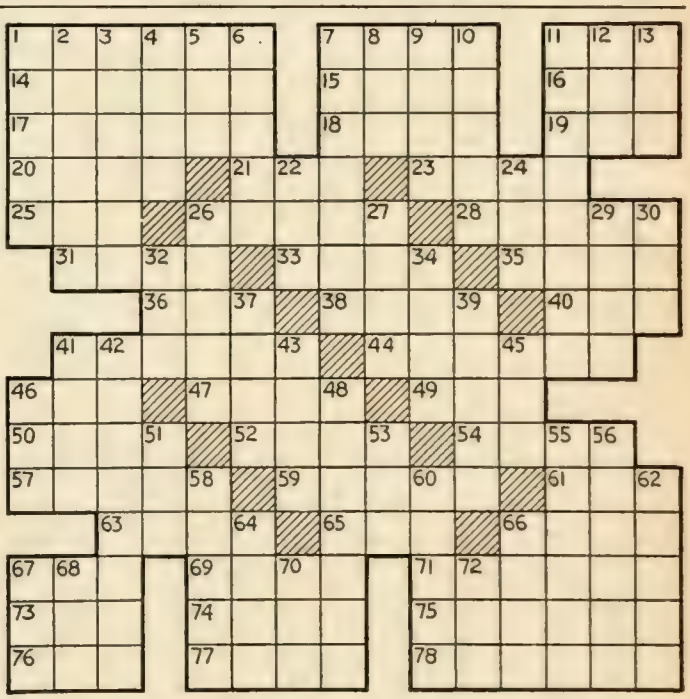
1 These make strange bread, fellows!
7 The worm that some day hopes to be an electric bulb
11 The pop maw cries fer
14 Rote out the words
15 You can see a lot more of your gal if you resort to this (is it beachy!)
16 What he slipped on before he asked her to be his
17 An alley that made good
18 An iota's ancestor
19 What tennis players fight over —teddibly gross, no?
20 This crack calls for a smack
21 " Woman's a Flood of Loveliness, — Her! " (old saying)
23 Would you call a swain with a returned ring an also this?
25 Sign up for a highway jockey
26 Well known doughboy
28 What little dogs, cheese, and fall weather usually are
31 Scramway
33 What black eyes are filled with
35 A Hollywood Lane
36 Practiced self-taxidermy
38 Four-alarm spat
40 Knock off forty
41 I can remember way back when these were funny (in B.S.—Before Superman)
44 This is very close
46 Floating Führer-foiler
47 This makes paw a spittin' image o' grampaw
49 Now you see him, now you don't
50 American Reds
52 Hitler's father
54 Chunks it up to get a glim of those four bullets
57 Farm football
59 Man who wears both suspenders and belt simultaneously
61 Underwear Itches in Humidity (abbr.)
63 Nothing between the eyes
65 The wonder of boyhood
66 Caesar's arms
67 Seventy-two tons of snorting mechanized power hurtling down on a timid driver
69 Bait with which man sets matrimonial trap for self-capture
71 A c-c-c-colored fellow
73 The blood of the Incas
74 The tone you listen for when dunking the nickel
75 Base for a snappy outfit
76 The moving spirit of the age
77 First thing Jefferson chose for Monticello
78 Mechanized parlor sofas

VERTICAL

1 Makes with the bombast
2 Make with the mud-slinging
3 Where midgets go to spend a cool summer
4 Don the soup and fish to down the soup and fish
5 A backward Injun
6 Revolting things planted in occupied countries by the Nazis, due to cause an uprising
7 Lipstick, rouge, streamlines, and a come-hither air (fem.)
8 Tanked up
9 Pigs always have tails and generally this
10 This is generally speaking (fem.)
11 Sissy tennis
12 The heart the gambler wore'n his sleeve
13 What bald-headed Nebraska farmers get in the rain
22 Thilly fool
24 Pay no attention to it—it's nothing
26 Where children like to get dressed up in old things
27 Brazilian banana and bean buyers
29 Kid stuff
30 Snappy talk
32 The great egotist (two words)
34 Tanks
37 Mussolini's become Hitler's Little Sir This
39 Operating under the stagger system
41 Lovey-dovey nesty-westy
42 Cleopatra's Needles
43 Is kinda nyah
45 He believes in US not fighting England's battles
46 A jaw wagger
48 Device for getting out of a girdle
51 What canal-bred lawyers advise
53 Compass pernt (abbr.)
55 The world's most unhappy woman
56 The simplest form of wind
58 Northern France Department (pl.)
60 Religious thingums
62 The first pie lifters
64 An egotist's favorite expression (pl.)
66 Sourpuss cocktail ingredient
67 Simply he-yuge
68 One for Franco
70 Man's nickname
72 Pay dirt



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

they brought her to the correct conclusions.

Jo decided to take a chance. Eight dollars for a night's work was no trifle. And as for the taxi outside . . . well, it might be any taxi and the person inside might be any one at all.

"All right," she said. "What am I supposed to do?"

Relief flooded Mrs. Cabrini's face. The tenseness in the eyes disappeared. She began to wrestle violently with her coat and yanked off her hat.

"We can rehearse right now. All we have to do is play a few numbers this evening. I'll sing a couple of songs, that's all. I'll get my fiddle."

Mrs. Purvis' face showed quiet satisfaction.

"You'll be very happy here, my dear. Perhaps Mrs. Cabrini can get you lots of work. Now, don't worry about a thing," she said, getting up. "I'll take care of everything. I'll put your bag in your room and you can get on with your rehearsal."

Jo smiled after her, and waited until she was gone to look out of the window again. The cab was gone.

☆ THEY met the third member of the Pizzani Trio in the lobby of a Brooklyn hotel. She was named Gloria something; Jo never got the rest. Gloria was about Ann's age. Her hair was dark and frizzy, and in her face there was a look of perpetual annoyance.

"Late again, Gloria," Ann boomed.

Gloria looked at Jo dubiously but said nothing. She shook hands with her and said, "Likewise."

But when Gloria went to get her cello from the checkroom, Jo decided to try the Corbus Company again. It was after seven, but Jo thought there might be some one who could tell her whether Dick had arrived or not.

"Stowe? There's no Stowe here, lady. He might be on the daytime shift, but I don't have any record of him. No, lady, I can't get at the daytime records."

She listened with a dull disappointment. The whole day had unnerved her—Dick's disappearance, her chase of the old man, the disconcerting square woman, the man with the gray felt hat, even Ann Cabrini.

Going up in the elevator, she realized with some gratitude that no one in New York had recognized her yet. Jo knew that the story had been carried by the metropolitan papers, but the average city dweller was so overwhelmed by the variety of faces he saw every day that no one face was distinguishable from the rest. Her anonymity increased her confidence somewhat as she stepped into the room in which she was to play.

There was a table which ran the length of the room. Huge bowls of punch were flanked by liquor bottles, and at the ends of the table waiters were arranging canapés. The adjoining room was a large dining hall and the dance orchestra was already settled in place, tuning up in the neutral presence of empty chairs.

Jo took her place at the piano, and as the trio played a song to warm up she felt a growing exhilarated excitement. The tinkle of glasses and the quiet clangor of silver created an atmosphere of expectancy. The empty room seemed to await the crowd of people impatiently.

They gushed in finally in droves. It took only a few minutes to fill the room with their warmth, their color and noise. The chatter became a mass of sound decorated with a woman's laugh or a man's guffaw. They milled about endlessly, each clinging to a glass. Looking up from her music, Jo could see the mobile faces, the moving lips and the darting eyes. All she could hear was the piano and the flat mass of unarticulated speech.

A portly man who introduced himself as Mr. Mason, the bride's father, continually requested Happy Days Are Here Again.

"I've invited a big out-of-town buyer," he confided to them anxiously. "It's his favorite piece and I want him to be happy."

The groom's father caught up with him then. He was a tiny man who continually rubbed his hands in excitement. He reminded Jo of a battered rabbit who sees his first head of lettuce in years.

"What a party, Mason, what a marvelous party!" he chattered. Then he shook his head proudly. "But my boy deserves it, every little bit."

Mr. Mason moved away, and the little man turned to Jo.

"Did you ever see such a party?" he demanded. "What class! Real class!" He walked over to the piano and ruffled through the pages. "Good songs," he said affably. "I used to play myself. Could have been a concert pianist, they say. Talent, real talent."

The guests moved about on an aimless schedule, and the groom himself appeared, flushed, happy, and a little dazed. His father pulled him out of the crush to the piano.

☆ "WELL, son, how's it going?" He looked at him carefully. "Make any contacts? Good ones?" He tapped his chest. "Well, I did it for you. I've got five people I want you to send announcements to when you open your office. They'll be good patients. Take down the names."

"Pop, please—" The groom glanced at Jo, embarrassed.

"Do as I say. You want to be a failure like me? Be like Mason—never pass up a chance."

"Listen, pop, for heaven's sake. I can't—I don't even have my address book."

"Do it now," his father insisted. "Before I forget." He turned to Jo. "Give me a piece of paper—anything." He held out his hand.

Jo had to give him the envelope in her bag, but she tore off the flap with Dick's telephone number on it.

"Now get these—" He moved away a bit, and above the music Jo could hear occasionally the young man's anguished protest: "Pop, please . . ."

The doors to the dining room opened and the guests poured out. The life and noise that had filled the room deserted it. The room was empty except for the trio and the waiters. The expectancy and excitement were gone; it was a room deserted by people. The dance music clattered out to them. It had a clever, Panlike quality.

☆ JO looked up to find a guest offering her a drink. His evening clothes fitted him perfectly, but it was his shining bald head that attracted attention. He was a tall man, huge in all dimensions. He was smiling, and the glitter of his tortoise-shell glasses combined with the pink shining skin of his skull gave him a clean, cellophane-wrapped look. There was something vaguely familiar about him.

"This is for you," he said amiably. His voice was pleasant and as he spoke his lips in his full fleshy face took on charming curves. "I noticed you working so hard that I felt sorry for you. You deserve it."

Jo hesitated. Perhaps it was his absurd resemblance to the classic picture of the Jolly Fat Man that made him seem so familiar.

"Thank you," she said, "but I don't feel—"

"Oh, come on," he said in a cajoling voice. "It's good for you. You owe it to the bride and groom."

She took it, and then, with a slight laughing bow, he was gone.

The dance music romped to a halt, and the musicians drifted out to smoke. The conversational hum and the clatter of dishes followed them. Jo turned to take another look at the bald man for a clue to this odd recognition, but he had disappeared. He had upset her because he seemed to be connected with some vaguely remembered terror. She knew that it was the bald head which threw her off. It wasn't that which she recognized. Neither was it the smile nor the voice.

"Come on," Ann said. "We're up."

The dance floor was empty when they began to play, and the guests rattled on in their pantomimic conversations, the hum of their voices emanating from nowhere in particular. There was the same lack of attention Jo had seen on the streets. Yet somewhere in this gloom was a pair of eyes watching her—calm, judging eyes which followed all of her movements—and waiting for some undefined, unarrived time to confront her. Then she realized that it was the eyes of the bald man which she remembered. And she didn't remember them as smiling.

There was a sudden silence as Ann Cabrini stepped to the center of the room and began to sing. It lasted only for a moment. Then the faces drifted slowly away, covered with overt amused smiles. A quiet hum started somewhere in a corner of the room and spread quickly. In a moment it

had grown in volume, and Ann sang and swayed heavily in a vacuum.

Jo was mortified for her. She would have stopped playing, but Ann carried on. She signaled for two more

20 QUESTIONS

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:

0-5 right .....Class E
6-10 right .....Class C
11-15 right ..... Class—he!
16-20 right ..... Classy!

Gregory Pinquetea, our famous question tester, did badly on this test, missing Nos. 1, 2, 3, 12, 15, 16, 20. Count double for any you get that he missed. Of No. 2 he declared: "It is a problem I never expect to face."

1—What retired baseball star won wide fame as a pitcher, but later won even greater fame as a slugger?

2—A man was stranded on an island with a jar of salad dressing. Although he found wild fruits and vegetables, what essential of a good salad was almost certain to be missing?

3—What desperate pirate was once popular and respected in New York City?

4—What artist's name describes a color of hair?

5—What American bird is one of the smallest and bravest?

6—Because of the war, what ruler has been returned to his throne?

7—Precision tests on airplane instruments require great care and accuracy. In this work, which are more efficient, men or women?

8—What novel won this year's Pulitzer Prize?

9—In the movie industry, what are "cliff hangers," and why are they so called?

10—Can you tell what K. O., O. K., and T. K. O. stand for?

11—The fourth estate refers to the press. What are the other three?

12—Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, French sculptor, is best known in the U. S. for what work of art?

13—How did the term "The ghost walks today," meaning payday, come into use?

14—In 1940, followers of a popular sport walked nearly a quarter of a billion miles in the U. S. What sport?

15—What was the original reason for daylight-saving time?

16—A shrine to what famous American was recently dedicated by what other famous American who had served under him?

17—What plant is now used to flavor pickles which bear its name?

18—Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross holds down a government job which many husbands would say is particularly fitted to a woman. What is the job?

19—A mythical individual of American origin, his name is frequently heard in slang exclamations, especially those beginning, "What the ——!" What is the name?

20—William Henry Pratt is America's No. 1 "footlight monster." What is his stage name?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

choruses and hurled them against the inattention. Then she bowed and waited for the next song. Jo started the introduction to Indian Love Call.

The bald man was the man in the gray felt hat who had stared at Jo in the telephone booth!

It came to Jo with the suddenness of a slap. Seeing a man for the first time with a hat, one never expects to find him bald, simply because the most difficult thing to imagine is a man with a full head of hair suddenly without it; and a man with a hat on is assumed to have hair.

The idea that he had stood so close to her and had actually given her a drink terrified Jo. It was imperative that she leave at once. She tried to stand but couldn't. Her body seemed paralyzed except for the ordinary reflex motions, and playing the old familiar song had become just that. She could see her fingers move over the keys, but felt no control over them.

A quick spell of dizziness spread over her like a shadow. She sat perfectly still, but she felt as though she were reeling. In a moment it was over, but it left a vague terror as its residue.

"Ann!" In a quick panic, Jo threw aside her caution. She called out in the stilled room, but no heads turned to look at her. Ann kept on singing.

"Ann!"

There was no response. Jo had made no sound. The paralysis had spread all over her. In her terror she knew that she had been drugged, and that it was the drink the bald man had given her that had done it.

The lines of the room wavered and collapsed into a whirl of color and shadow that kept growing darker and darker. Very clearly, then, she heard the gurgle of water being poured into a glass, and a woman's laugh. She was trapped and snared in the presence of hundreds of people who could do nothing to help her because they had no way of knowing what was going on. But more frightening, more terrifying than the fact that she was caught was that she didn't know why. What were they going to do to her? Would it be torture? Was it information they wanted, and if it were, did she have the information? How could she ever convince them that she knew nothing?

She was aware of people gathering about her, and from them she caught no note of sympathy.

☆ A SENSE of pursuit terrified her. Something—some one—was coming closer to her. All this was to hold her powerless. She was afraid to look up. People were hemming her in. She could feel her heart pounding in growing terror, resisting the desire to raise her eyes. When she wanted the blindness to protect her, everything grew frighteningly clear. Everything about her urged her to look up, to see the faces which she knew were waiting for her. Slowly she raised her eyes.

The old lady of the transcontinental bus smiled down at her. The huge bald man who had given her the drink stood by the lady's side. The smiling eyes were bleak and cold, with a coldness that only Jo could feel. Beside them, Ann stood and stared stupidly at her.

The music stopped suddenly, and

strikes hot, perspiring feet

Excessive foot perspiration, so common in summer, makes Athlete's Foot especially "catching." First, it feeds the Athlete's Foot fungi—makes them grow twice as fast! Second, it causes the skin to crack between the toes . . . exposes raw flesh to an attack of this painful skin infection . . . Athlete's Foot.

Raw Open Cracks FLASH DANGER

The Athlete's Foot fungi, which have been feeding on perspiration and dead skin, attack through cracks, invading surrounding tissue. Then toes redden . . . itch painfully. Skin flakes off. Every step hurts. Athlete's Foot has struck!

SOAK those Cracks at Once!

Don't trifle with Athlete's Foot! At the first sign of a crack drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., *full strength*. Do this night and morning, every day!

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Absorbine Jr., $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

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Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

Sample bottle Free

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

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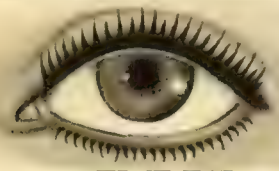
Address_____

DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with looks! Crow's feet appear fast enough without being further hastened by squinting. Two drops of EYE-GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc.



JOIN THE THOUSANDS who prefer stainless, hygienic, safe, EYE-GENE. Wash them with this specialist's formula today, and see how refreshed they feel. EYE-GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

GUARANTEED BY MARLIN FIREARMS CO.—FINE GUNS SINCE 1870

CORNS

also Callouses; Ingrown Nails relieved. Quick, easy. Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

removed by MOSCO

their voices, thin and fluted, were very clear.

"Poor child!" the woman said. In Jo's stupor it sounded like a singsong whine. "What's the matter with her?"

Ann's reply was only sound—a sharp clack-clack that rose and fell rapidly in an outlandish scale of quarter tones.

"Then we'll take her home," the man sang. His voice seemed to quaver as though it were coming from a deep tunnel. "We're going back to Manhattan immediately."

"No!" Jo cried. She turned to Ann for help. "Don't let them! Ann, I'm afraid! I'm afraid! Ann, please—"

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 43

1—Babe Ruth.

2—Lettuce, which is not known to grow wild.

3—Captain William Kidd, once a well known seaman and important figure in New York.

4—Titian, because of his pictures of women with golden-red hair.

5—The hummingbird.

6—Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

7—Women.

8—No prize was awarded.

9—They are movie serials of the old type, in which the heroine was often left dangling over a cliff at the end of an installment.

10—"K. O." stands for "Knockout"; "O. K.," "all right"; "T. K. O.," "Technical knockout," a fight halted by the referee when it is clear one boxer is too strong for the other.

11—The clergy, the nobility, and the common people.

12—The Statue of Liberty.

13—According to legend, a company playing Hamlet was not getting paid on time. One night the man who played the ghost said to the manager, "The ghost won't walk tonight—unless he gets paid."

14—Golf.

15—It was started during the last war, in Britain and Germany, so that more work could be done without the use of light and fuel.

16—The birthplace of Woodrow Wilson in Staunton, Va., was dedicated as a shrine by President Roosevelt, who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Wilson.

17—The dill plant.

18—Director of the Mint.

19—Sam Hill, who, according to historians, is entirely a mythical creation of early American settlers.

20—Boris Karloff.

She was screaming in her terror. She could feel herself put all her strength into her voice. She could feel the strain in her throat. But no expression on the faces changed. The two people came closer to her, still smiling, and Jo knew that she had made no sound. The drugged drink had carried her too far from any one. She could feel the strength of their arms, and she was sure that she was fighting them off, but they were carrying her slowly out of the room.

She felt consciousness leave her as though it were being drawn out of her by a thin thread that was tied to every organ of her body. The sensation was terrible.

Her terror lasted through the dark unconsciousness. She was aware of quick, furtive motion about her. She knew that these people wanted something from her and they were taking it without any opposition. Her helplessness was the core around which her fright took form.

It was impossible to tell when the transition between sleeping and waking came. The hysterical fear on which she had closed her eyes had never left. As she sat up in her bed she could feel it as strong as the night before. Her room was completely upset with her clothes. Her bag lay open and had obviously been searched. But why, Jo couldn't tell. She tried to recall the isolated events of the previous day, but it was impossible to tell which were important and which were trivial.

Jo grabbed her hat and her purse and tore out of the room. The noise of the slamming bedroom door came to her as she was halfway down the gloomy steps. There was no sound in the house, no hint of life.

She had only one place to go, and that was the Corbus Company. If Dick were there, then all well and good; if he weren't, then some one should certainly be interested in her story. The address of the firm was in her bag, on the flap of the envelope, but she had no idea how to get there. She kept walking until she found a cab.

☆ THE company had a six-story loft building near the East River. A uniformed private policeman stood on guard at the door.

"I'm looking for Richard Stowe. Is he here?"

"Just a minute, miss." He walked into a booth and made a phone call.

"What d'you want to see him about?" he asked.

"It's personal."

He looked at her for a moment, and then signaled her to an elevator.

"Take this lady up to the sixth floor," he said to the operator.

The door closed and the elevator started up very slowly. A small portable radio gave out the chimes of a station and then was silent.

The door clanged open and she found herself in a small square hallway. There was an open door at the other end. She walked over to it.

A small dapper man sat at a desk. His hair was gray and he had a hard, pinched face.

He looked up when Jo entered. He seemed annoyed.

"Excuse me," Jo said. "I'm looking for Mr. Stowe."

The man didn't answer but looked down the room inquiringly. Jo followed his gaze. Dick was standing by a window, watching her.

"I'm Richard Stowe," he said coldly. There was no smile on his face, no friendliness. His empty eyes were withdrawn. "I don't think I know you." His politeness was conventional. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Why does Dick refuse to recognize Jo? Is he behind the sinister pursuit of her by the old couple, the bald-headed man, and the stocky mannish woman? What will she do now that her one hope, her one friend, has failed her? Be sure to follow this gripping frightening mystery story in Liberty next week!

THE RISE AND FALL OF JOSEPH SCHENCK

Continued from Page 9

doubt that I can benefit by this experience. I don't give a damn about money, as such. Anybody in Hollywood will tell you that. It just so happens that big money has come my way because I have always been restless, always urged on by something inside of me, and whatever I have accomplished has brought the money along with it. Gambling? That's fun. I've lost as much as I've won."

He speaks precise English with a faint trace of a Russian accent. Occasionally he pauses to find the right word, but when it comes out it is the right word. He prides himself on his grammar and vocabulary.

"I would not be telling the truth," he went on, "if I said I would like to be poor again. Nobody wants to be poor. But I would not be telling the truth, either, if I said that in my lifetime I had not given away a good deal of what I had made. That's been a pleasure. Maybe I've been selfish in giving big parties for people, giving them automobiles, taking a dozen friends on a long yacht cruise, because that's what I get a big kick out of—seeing that other people have a good time.

"I am a lonely man and I like to be surrounded with as much gaiety as possible. I only take an occasional drink, and I don't think I am what you would call a ladies' man. I have no delusions about any pretty young girl falling in love with Joe Schenck. When I was twenty I liked girls my own age, not women of sixty or over. It works both ways."

I asked him if he would live his life over again the same way, could he turn back the clock. "I'm not ashamed of anything, if that's what you mean," he said; "but as to marriage, I would not make the same mistake that I made when Miss Talmadge was my wife. I used to go away on long business trips and I would be so busy that I would neglect to call her long-distance or to send her flowers or letters or telegrams. Had I come across a movie script where a husband as neglectful as I was succeeded in keeping the love of a beautiful wife, I would have tossed the script in the wastebasket.

"Yes, I've done all right for an immigrant boy. In the three words that one of my dearest friends, Irving Berlin, used for the title of a song, God Bless America! I could only have happened here, in this country—nowhere else in the world. Still, I have no illusion that I am a great man. There are today in this country countless men with far more ability than I have. But, unfortunately, it is not always greatness that takes a person to the top. It is a gambling spirit. I used every bit of my ability at dangerous times while abler men slowed down at the dangerous curves. If there is any philosophy of life that I have arrived at, that's it. I've often talked it over with Lord Beaverbrook, and he feels the same way I do. Beaverbrook, though, is a really great man."

Joe Schenck had never in his life sat down and told any one his whole story. He agreed to tell it to me. The telling took three days. He admonished me to check the facts by talking with many other people—people like Norma Talmadge; Darryl Zanuck, production chief of Twentieth Century-Fox; Al Lichtman, the M-G-M executive; Sid Grauman, of Chinese Theatre renown, who knew Joe "when"; and even Mathias F. Correa, the brilliant young United States attorney of the Southern District of New York who prosecuted the movie magnate. Correa said: "He's guilty of willful violation of the laws of the United States." Miss Talmadge, who divorced Schenck in 1934, then married and divorced George Jessel, told me: "Joe Schenck has been my whole life. I'll always love him."

As Schenck himself says, he could only have happened here. He is an illuminating product of the democratic way of life, and symbolic of democracy's faults and virtues. He was approximately thirteen when his mother decided that he and an older sister, Annie, should follow to America an older brother, Louis, from the Russian village of Rybinsk. The village was in the heart of the rye country on the Sheksna River, which runs into the Volga. Joe had six brothers and two sisters, most of them older than he. The Schencks were Jewish, and had felt intolerance at the hands of the Russians. This was the deciding factor in the mother's sending Joe, a precocious boy with a bent for mathematics, to the land of liberty, where she wanted him to become a doctor. The family was not poor. The father made his living buying up timber to be used for fuel on the river boats.

Joe and Annie landed as steerage passengers at Ellis Island on a steaming midsummer day in 1892. Brother Louis was supposed to be there to meet them, but he missed connections, and some boardinghouse sharks—leeches who hung around Ellis Island waiting for just such innocents—took most of Joe's money away from him for ensconcing him and Annie in a small room on the lower East Side of Manhattan Island. The room rented for seventy-five cents a week, and its yellow wallpaper was liberally marked with the stains of crushed vermin. Joe was somewhat surprised; this was hardly the splendor that he had expected to find in America.

The Schencks had relatives in the mill town of Passaic, in New Jersey, across the Hudson from New York. That's how Joe happened to get the four-dollar-a-week job in the wire factory. He went to night school, but he was so far ahead of his classmates in mathematics and so far behind them in other subjects that he decided to educate himself. At the end of a year he knew enough English to be able to say to his boss, "I would like more pay," and to understand, "No!"

He threw some things into an old straw suitcase and walked all night until he came to Orange, New Jersey. There he got a job in a bicycle factory at seven fifty a week. At the end of two years he had managed to save enough money to take a night course in pharmacy. He had decided to become a druggist. "I had seen so much suffering in Russia," he says today, "that the idea of maybe being able to help people appealed to me. So when I couldn't be a doctor I figured being a druggist was the next best thing."

And so the boy, at sixteen, went back to New York, there to live on Rivington Street, in the very heart of the teeming ghetto. By this time a younger brother, Nicholas, had arrived in America with the mother. Today Nicholas Schenck heads Loew's, Incorporated, one of the subsidiaries of the organization being the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion-picture studios at Culver City.

For three years Joe Schenck sold papers, peddled merchandise in the foul tenements, and otherwise seized upon every opportunity to make an extra nickel. Meanwhile he was realizing his two immediate ambitions—to learn to speak perfect English and to become a druggist. He was getting only about four hours' sleep a night because, after evening sessions at the New York College of Pharmacy, he had to study and to delve in a Russian-English dictionary.

☆ WHEN he was nineteen, still a year short of his pharmacist's degree, Joe answered a newspaper advertisement and got a job as an apprentice in a drugstore on the Bowery. This place, on the ground floor of a frame structure that quivered every time an El train roared by, was hard by Chatham Square and Chinatown. The building had been a Bowery landmark for more than forty years.

The drugstore was a first-aid station for mean people who inhabited mean streets. During young Schenck's first day there, two Chinese, victims of a hatchet man, were brought in, squealing and bleeding, and died in the back room before they could be patched up. As relatives took the bodies away, Joe's boss said: "When the police come, you know nothing. Understand?" Joe, with a mother to support and with an ambition to own a string of drugstores some day, understood.

He got his pharmacist's degree and continued on at the drugstore for five years.

During that time he saw many things that he later put into motion pictures he produced, and many things that would never have gotten by the Hays office. The drugstore was a great solace to the yellow men because of its plentiful supply of gum

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opium, the sale of which was legal in those days, and among Joe's duties were selling this gum opium, compounding prescriptions, patching up victims of the tong wars, and concocting Mickey Finns of calomel and jalap for belligerent patrons of the Pelham Café, more widely known as Nigger Mike's, just around the corner at 12 Pell Street.

There was a fifteen-year-old singing waiter at Nigger Mike's back in 1903, a youngster named Izzy Baline. He was small, dark, and had sad eyes, and in between servings of drinks he would get up on a makeshift stage and bring tears to the eyes of sentimental inebriates by his rendition of such ballads as The Sweet Bye and Bye and The Mansion of Aching Hearts.

Joe and Izzy got to be friends, for Joe would often drop into Nigger Mike's for a beer after the drugstore had closed, and Izzy would frequently be sent scurrying around the corner by Mike, who was not a Negro but a very dark Jew named Salter, to get a Mickey Finn for a café patron. Fate was stacking the cards down on the Bowery almost forty years ago. The lives of Joe and Izzy were eventually to become entwined. For Izzy Baline was later to write songs under the name of Irving Berlin.

☆ A NEW invention called moving pictures was looming large on the American horizon during Joe Schenck's days on the Bowery. The first motion picture he ever saw was a film only a few hundred feet long which depicted an angry surf beating against a rockbound coast. It was flashed on a screen at the end of a vaudeville show, and he just sat there, hardly believing his eyes. He told his friend Izzy Baline about it and took him to see it. "That's a great invention, Joe," said Baline. "Yes," said Schenck; "somebody will make a million dollars out of it."

He was fascinated by these newfangled moving pictures. In 1901 and 1902 he witnessed such stirring subjects, inspired by the Spanish-American War, as The Battle of San Juan Hill, Landing Under Fire, and Our Flag Is There to Stay! They were advertised as having been filmed in Cuba, but actually it had been done in New Jersey. Another film that impressed young Schenck was called The Eruption of Mount Pelée, although what audiences actually saw was not the Martinique volcano but a beer barrel exploding in a midsummer Jersey sun.

Schenck was subconsciously absorbing audience reaction to moving pictures. He frequently found himself turning to look at patrons alongside of him, to study the expressions on their faces. The youth who, many years later, was to bring Will Hays to Hollywood saw the need of some type of censorship shortly after the century had turned. He saw pictures bearing such titles as When the Husband Came Home and Love in a Broker's Office. These represented the discovery by a husband of an unfaithful wife about to compromise herself with another man. Joe noticed that some of the women in the audiences were disgusted.

About the same time he had the foresight to see that, one day, movies would have to picture criminals and other wrongdoers not as heroes but as objects of a deserved retribution for their dark deeds. A whole cycle of gangster pictures began after William A. Pinkerton, son of the founder of the detective agency, read a widely publicized paper on Vault and Safe Burglars Today before the International Association of Police Chiefs in St. Louis. Being responsible for a series of gangster pictures was by no means what Pinkerton intended, and you can imagine his justifiable wrath when he went to the movies and saw the dips and yeggs he so despised pictured as just big misled boys who had hearts of gold and were devoted to their mothers. Joe Schenck heard a woman make a remark after one of those pictures—a remark he never forgot. "I don't think it's right," she said, referring to the bank-burglar-hero, "that that fellow got off. I think he should of been in prison."

Joe was twenty-one when he first fell in love. She was an Irish girl named Betty who lived on Gramercy Park. Joe was, to use his own words, in love with love, and so was Betty, and they decided they were in love with each other. He used to tell her how he was saving every penny he could so that he could have a drugstore of his own, and maybe a whole string of them some day, and she thought he was wonderful. He had a date with her every Sunday. Her family weren't particularly fond of Joe (it was a sort of Abie's Irish Rose affair) and he never tarried long in their home.

☆ THE man who later in life was to give Rolls-Royce cars as wedding gifts thought more of a nickel then than he does of a thousand dollars today. Betty had friends up on Sixty-fourth Street, several miles from her home, and it was her custom to take Joe there to spend Sundays. But every Sunday afternoon, as they set out from Gramercy Park, she had to make a decision. Did she wish to take a streetcar, which cost a dime for two, or did she prefer to walk the several miles and have an ice-cream soda, which also cost a dime for two, on the way? It didn't make any difference to Joe, so long as she didn't demand both. But one day she gave him the bad news. "I can't see you any more, Joe," she said. "I've met a boy who can take me on the streetcar and buy me a soda, too."

In 1904 Joe left the Bowery and went to work in Doc Hornick's drugstore at 111th Street and Third Avenue. His salary was fifteen a week, with an arrangement for commission for new business he brought in. After working hours and on Sundays he went through the neighborhood drumming up new business. The result was that he was soon clearing

forty dollars a week, and a year after he went to work at Hornick's he bought out the store with a down payment of $1,500. The first thing he did was to bring in his brother Nicholas as a clerk.

One hot Sunday afternoon in 1905, Joe, then about twenty-six, took a trolley ride up to Fort George, the highest point on Manhattan Island. That was quite the thing to do in those days—ride to the end of the car line up there to cool off. When Joe arrived he found more than a thousand other New Yorkers strolling about enjoying the breezes. He noticed that there were a beer parlor or two, a couple of shooting galleries, and some tintype stands, and he quickly concluded that this was insufficient entertainment for all those people. He began to talk to some of them, inquiring if they would come up nights, as well as Sundays, if Fort George offered a dance hall, a merry-go-round, and other attractions like those at Coney Island. Everybody he questioned said "You bet!" or words to that effect.

☆ JOE took a lease on a small one-story building at Fort George that could be reached only through an alley. He constructed a cheap dance floor in the rear and turned the building into a saloon. He hired an orchestra and an unknown singer named Nora Bayes, put tables around the dance floor, and then waited. But the people just wouldn't go through that alley, not even though a big sign proclaimed: "Beer and Dancing in Rear."

He went back to the drugstore and thought things out. What would be most likely to entice the public? It was Brother Nick who suggested that a picture would be better than printed words. Joe hired a man who painted scenes on the mirrors behind the bars to make a garish-colored wooden cut-out of a huge beer schooner with the foam on the amber contents. The schooner, lighted up at night, could be seen from a distance, and it drew the thirsty through the alley in droves. The result was that by summer's end Joe Schenck had cleaned up several thousand dollars.

He had the money now to expand as a druggist, but somehow his ambition along that line was dulled. There was challenge, adventure in dealing with the public *en masse* that appealed to his gambling, take-a-chance spirit. It was mathematics, his favorite subject in school, that decided him. A hundred people could be drinking beer at the same time, or dancing, but where was the drugstore that had more than half a dozen customers in it simultaneously?

Nick, being conservative, had to be sold on the idea of joining his brother Joe in the amusement business. When sold, he held out for retaining the drugstore, just in case things didn't turn out as Joe was planning them. Joe's plans? Why, a lease on one of the highest pieces of land at Fort George, where there would be a nice breeze even on the hottest summer nights, and on that land a merry-go-round, a Ferris wheel, a dance hall, and shooting galleries, and other nickel-drawing concessions.

Early in the spring of 1906 Joe and Nick began construction of what they called Paradise Park. On a Saturday afternoon in May, they were all set for the opening. They weren't as enthusiastic as they might have been. After the merry-go-round and the other equipment had been installed, mostly on credit, they had realized, to their horror, that it would be necessary for the public to climb fifty-six steps to get to the park after leaving the trolley cars. They had been so engrossed in building the park on a high, cool spot that they had entirely overlooked that seeming drawback.

The brothers held their breath as the first of the Saturday-afternoon crowd began to spill out of the cars. When the visitors saw the amusements up there ahead of them, many were so eager that they took the fifty-six steps two at a time. The next day, Sunday, the same thing happened, and the Schencks knew that their fears about the steps had been unfounded. "And so," Joe told me, "when we found the public didn't mind the steps, we put a turnstile in—quick—right at the fifty-sixth step, and charged them ten cents admission. We hadn't dared do that before."

☆ A MONTH later fate rang up the curtain on a happening in New York that was to have vital bearing on the future of Joseph M. Schenck. A brilliant architect named Stanford White had designed a new temple of amusement known as Madison Square Garden. On the night of June 25—opening night of a new show at the Garden—a wild-eyed man named Harry Thaw burst in on White in the roof garden atop it. "So you are the lover of my wife, eh?" said Thaw, scion of a wealthy Pittsburgh family. "Well, you won't love her again!" With that, he shot White three times, killing him instantly.

The dramatic aspects of the trial that followed fascinated Joe Schenck. Thaw admitted that he had shot White, but stated that he had done so only after his wife, a former chorus girl named Evelyn Nesbit whom he had married fourteen months previously, had confessed to him that she had been having illicit relations with the architect. What later came to be known as the "unwritten law," which supposedly gives a husband the right to kill the other man, was invoked for perhaps the first time in American jurisprudence. In addition, Thaw pleaded temporary insanity. The jury disagreed. At the second trial Thaw was acquitted of the murder charge on the ground that he was insane when he killed White, and he was sent to Matteawan as criminally insane.

During the trial Joe Schenck became familiar with the face of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. It occurred to him that she was prettier than many actresses he had seen in the moving pictures.

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But Joe was too busy packing 'em in at Paradise Park to think much about Evelyn Nesbit after her face faded from page one. He had problems. A police lieutenant named Charles Becker, a grafter, frequently called at Paradise Park after the place became well known. Becker, a Tammany man, pointed to several technical violations of the law, but he and Joe became good friends nonetheless.

At the end of the first full season Joe had paid all Park bills and had $30,000 in the bank. Quite a few gamblers had gravitated to Paradise, where they could meet without being observed. They got friendly with the busy young Schenck. In the fall and winter they invited him to visit them in their flossy quarters in downtown hotels, and one night one of them said, "What about a little game of poker?"

Up to that time Joe Schenck had never gambled. "I didn't even know the difference between stud poker and draw," he told me. "But I started playing with those fellows, and before the winter was over they had taken every cent of my thirty thousand. Charley Becker told me afterward that they had only seventy-five dollars among them when the play started, and I was feeding the game all winter long. I've been trying to get that money back ever since, and never have, and that's why I'm a gambler. That, and because I love to gamble."

While the Schencks operated Paradise Park, a young man approached them and asked if he could get a concession. "I have something that looks like a railroad car," he said. "It's all dark inside and it doesn't move, but I have one of those moving-picture machines inside and the patrons will get the illusion that they are traveling because of the scenic pictures I will show." The young man was Marcus Loew, later to become the founder of Loew's, Inc., operators of a nation-wide theater chain and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. His scenic illusion proved to be one of the Park's biggest attractions.

☆ IN 1910, after Paradise Park, hugely successful, had been swept by fire, the Schencks looked across the Hudson to the New Jersey Palisades. They took over a small amusement park there and created Palisades Park, one of the largest amusement enterprises in the country. Liquor was banned, the brothers deciding that many families did not bring their children to amusement parks because a few inebriates could make things unpleasant. The ban boosted business beyond all expectations.

When, a year after its opening, Palisades Park was more or less running on its own momentum, Loew called on the brothers. "I need a couple of smart fellows like you," he said. "I'm leasing theaters all over, and I want somebody to run them and somebody to book vaudeville acts." Thus Nick became manager of the theaters and Joe the booking agent.

It was in 1911 that Izzy Baline, then Irving Berlin, wrote Alexander's Ragtime Band, and became famous overnight. Joe, who had lost track of Izzy, sent for Berlin. He wanted this popular song writer to preside at the openings of the theaters Loew was leasing. When Berlin walked into Joe's office, Joe blinked his eyes. "My God!" he said. "Izzy!"

From that time on, Irving Berlin and Joe Schenck were inseparable. "We were always falling in and out of love," Berlin told me. "Joe would ask me to take out his girl and tell him later what I thought of her, and he'd take out my current girl. We were always turning in adverse reports, because neither of us wanted the other to get married. We were having too much fun together."

It was in 1912 that Police Lieutenant Becker was arrested for plotting the murder of Rosenthal, the gambler. Becker and four hoodlums were subsequently to die in the chair at Sing Sing. Joe felt pretty badly about the affair, for he had really liked the big lieutenant.

But something else came along to take his mind off it. He and Berlin went to a Broadway theater to look at a pantomime troupe, brought from England by Fred Karno, in a sketch called A Night in an English Music Hall. The scene on the stage was a theater within a theater, showing a little drunken man in a box.

☆ JOE thought the little fellow was the funniest man he had ever seen, and Irving Berlin agreed. Next day, who should walk into Joe's office but the comedian himself. He said he was dissatisfied with the sixty dollars a week he was getting from Karno, and wondered if he couldn't make a better deal.

Joe Schenck was elated. He saw million-dollar possibilities in the little fellow, who was leaving with the act for Philadelphia the next day but said he would return to New York after the engagement there.

In the middle of the following week Berlin dropped into Schenck's office. Joe was down in the dumps. "What's the matter?" asked the song writer. "Did you lose a lot at poker last night?"

"I lost ten thousand," said Joe. "But that's not what's bothering me. I've just lost a million this morning."

"What?" said Berlin.

Schenck fingered a telegram from Philadelphia. "Yeah," he said. "That moving-picture producer out in California—Mack Sennett—beat me to it, signing up that little comedian we saw. You know, Charlie Chaplin."

How was a later development in the Thaw case to add a small fortune to Joe Schenck's rocketing prosperity? What is his own story of his fondly remembered courtship of and wedded life with Norma Talmadge? What led him to California and into production of pictures—and just how did his name become a synonym for extravagant living? All this you'll find out from Liberty next week!

"I am glad to find you so affable." The Kommandant drew on his fine gloves. "You know the new regulations? A German inspector on duty at the post office, another at the bank; if your strongboxes are opened, it must be in his presence. All foreign shares and holdings will be replaced by their value in special German currency. Curfew at nine, the blackout as usual, and you are a personal hostage, responsible for the good behavior of your town."

The mayor bowed, then said in a gentle reasonable voice, "I keep the only drugstore in Chanteloup and my house is small and inconvenient; also, my sister is an invalid. In view of . . . our common interest in stamps, perhaps you could arrange not to quarter your police with us. . . . I am not asking this as a favor; my house is really uncomfortable for strangers."

"I will do all in my power, monsieur." With these ambiguous words, the Kommandant stalked down the high street; all the shops were closed excepting the tiny department store, Aux Dames de Paris. He detailed the spy to buy up all the silk stockings, walked down the steep worn steps which led from the ramparts to the valley, and found his waiting car. The spy returned empty-handed: "There are none; the man says he sells very few anyway and that the women of the place have bought up his stock."

"Unglaublich!" cried the Kommandant crossly. "What ingratitude and lack of confidence! Stay behind and see to it that the old goat of a mayor has two police inspectors quartered upon him instead of one. No, explanations will be unnecessary." He laughed at what he considered a very good joke. *"C'est la guerre,"* he added; "tell him so from me."

The mayor also laughed as he carefully closed the mairie door. "So this is what they call an honorable armistice. Well, the war has just begun."

☆ AT first the Gestapo was very busy, not so much at Chanteloup as in its immediate vicinity. In the valley under the city walls were several large estates to inspect; as these chateaux were quite large and momentarily unoccupied by their owners, the police decided that it would be simple to pack the contents of each house very carefully and have them driven to Germany in commandeered French lorries. When nothing was left but bare walls and the roofs over them, the men received the congratulations which stimulate all good Nazis to fresh exploits. But there were no further occasions for zeal, and the police force began to feel bored. Chanteloup itself offered no resources at all. The town was half dead and cut off from the outside world. No one received or posted any letters. The branch office of a well known bank opened as usual all day Thursday, but no one drew out funds or entered any. There were no radios, the houses having been thoroughly and unfairly searched. No one went out after curfew.

The stores dwindled in the shops and were not replaced perforce. On Sundays the whole town crowded into the little church. The spy noticed that such large congregations had never before been seen. The members of the Gestapo who took turns to attend Mass reported to headquarters that, as usual, the vanquished found comfort in religion.

Müller and Gross, the two inspectors quartered with the mayor, were a little less bored than the others because of Mlle. Marie, the mayor's sister. She was an old spinster with pale lips, pale eyes, pale hair; only her reddened eyelids gave a faint touch of color to a waxen face topped by a neat coiffure of grayish white hair. From nine in the morning until nine at night she sat by the tiny dining-room fire and knitted. There was something wrong with her back, so she had had a curious chair put together since the armistice to replace the regular wheel chair she had given to Mme. Leleu, the grocer's wife. The latter, Mlle. Marie was fond of explaining, had had a stroke and needed to be comfortable. . . . Yes, this big wooden box, lifted a few inches from the ground and on bicycle wheels, was

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good enough for Mlle. Marie now that her brother had added something of a back and a couple of arms. . . .

Mlle. Marie was very cordial to the Germans; in fact, she was the only person in Chanteloup who spoke to them at all. She often asked Gross and Müller in for a talk. Yes, she had taught French in Germany many years before, when her back had not hurt so much. No, unfortunately, she had neglected to learn German, but that did not matter as these gentlemen spoke her language so beautifully. It was a pleasure to hear them. . . . Were their rooms quite satisfactory? Marianne, the maid of all work, was not remiss? Mlle. Marie herself was so helpless and her brother, the chemist, always experimenting in drugs and ointments, yes, although his stores were running low. Yes, she agreed that the room upstairs was very cold, but if the gentlemen wished they could have a *cruchon*, or earthen hot-water bottle, and she would divide her wood with them. She could stay in bed one day a week and give them the logs from the dining-room fire. And if they promised to tell no one, she would send up a bottle of good red wine to their room, one of the last from her father's stock.

She was a good old sheep, the men decided, but annoying when she had fits of coughing; then she hid her face in a huge checked handkerchief and usually emerged with streaming eyes, unable to talk further.

Gross said to Müller once, "I think she is given to fits of crying and only pretends to cough."

"Pooh," replied Müller. "It's a neglected fit of bronchitis. The French are so unhygienic."

☆ MEANWHILE the months went by. If Chanteloup slept, the country beyond it, in the direction of the coast, was a source of stupefied annoyance to the occupying forces. There was no open sabotage, no cutting of telephone wires or wrecking of trains, no refusal to work in factories; criminality was low, yet not a day passed without some mishap, great or small, happening to the Germans. Factories were bombed during lunch hours; empty locomotives, apparently starting of their own volition, careered down the tracks and collided with shunted wagons full of ammunition; convoys of troops, no matter how they traveled toward the Channel ports, were bombarded with remarkable accuracy by the R. A. F.; buried munition dumps blew up in sight of sentinels. As fast as the Germans repaired the damage, their attention was engrossed by another small disaster. It became increasingly difficult to keep these mishaps from the French population.

And what part did the population play in these criminal attempts? Watches in every town and hamlet were tripled, isolated farms held, cottages honored with microphones, every one dogged, shadowed, and questioned with the proverbial skill of the craftiest police in the world. It was established that no one from Paris to the sea had any hand in the business. The Gestapo decided that this could only be the work of the British secret service. But where were these agents and how were they informed? It was maddening, intolerable, expensive, besides gravely compromising certain plans.

Reports from Chanteloup came in regularly: No change, no life whatsoever; not a soul had left the town since July, and this was February. The only arrival had been an invalided soldier in August. The stamp-collecting Kommandant, whose headquarters were now at Havre, testified that Chanteloup was a sleepy hollow; however, as appearances should never be trusted, he agreed to inspect the town himself.

☆ HE arrived at Chanteloup early one Sunday morning. At breakfast he thought about the mayor, the unfair stamp deal, and the curiously submissive inhabitants. No town of that size had ever been honored by so much police and never had there been so little to report. On one hand the most apathetic people, on the other a series of daring and successful misdeeds. Something was wrong.

What bothered the Kommandant was that his reason and instinct did not agree. Logic told him that this isolated town was innocent, but his intuition reminded him of many things which his memory had unconsciously retained: The mayor had a firm, intelligent face, the town had retired behind its shutters instead of staring at the passing green uniforms that day in July . . . the few people in the street had half turned, casting oblique glances at the enemy troops. One man, he now recalled, had deliberately spat and, instead of going into a house, faced the battalions; he had been dressed in the horizon-blue uniform of the 1914 war, the breast of his tunic covered with medals. Stonily he had stood by the church until the last German had filed by, then he entered the building.

No, the Kommandant reflected, he must investigate matters himself. This was not a business for the police. First he examined the carefully laid traps of loose earth covered over with grass which had been set on the slopes running down from the ramparts; it had been thought possible that the townspeople might get away at night and return in the morning in spite of hourly patrols. The traps were intact, the electric springs inside them untouched. And no one could leave through the old town gates, as sentries paced up and down there ceaselessly.

The Kommandant went to the church, arriving just in time for ten-o'clock High Mass and the usual atrocious singing from the children, strengthened by the deeper and falser voices of the adult congregation. His musical ear suffered, but he noted with approval that about twenty of the police sat right under the pulpit. As there was no room for him elsewhere, the Kommandant took the last straw-bottomed chair in a row filled by old women in black shawls and clean muslin caps.

When the priest mounted the pulpit steps for the sermon, the German noticed a strange shuffling and stirring, preceded by fits of coughing; the congregation was going through all the unpleasant noises which precede profound attention. The *curé* was a young energetic-looking man. He read the marriage bans, the announcements of a few births, followed by a longer list of deaths. Then he said, "Next Sunday the blessed bread will be given by the Durand family. One member of this family must bring it to the vestry next Sunday morning at six forty-five." The Kommandant noted the hour on his cuff. The curé continued, "Now we will pray for the souls of the parish dead." The congregation knelt while he enumerated in a sonorous voice: "For Marie Duval, Germain Espinasse, Jeanne and Julien Sorbier, seventeen; Henri and Modeste Provost, the Dupont, Despreau, seventeen; Lenoir and Piedebeuf families . . ." The list was far longer, and the Kommandant had a clue. Why should the number seventeen come up every now and then in the list of the dead?

The sermon itself was in two parts: the first about guardian angels, their efficient if invisible presence in human life. The second was about civic duty and how all parishioners should obey those in authority, no matter who. There was nothing servile about the allocution; it was short, dispassionate, and banal.

The Kommandant waited for the priest when he left the vestry. "I wish a word with you."

"Certainly," said the curé calmly.

"Concerning the dates and numbers you gave before your sermon. . . . You may as well speak frankly. I am informed of your strange goings-on."

The curé looked genuinely surprised. "Which ones?"

"You mentioned six forty-five, then slipped the number seventeen into your list of dead. Now what meaning do you think I give this?" asked the Kommandant severely.

☆ "I DON'T know," replied the curé; "but, as you seem interested in my private failings, I will explain. I am overtalkative—that my superiors have told me again and again. So I repeat seventeen several times to remind myself that with two minutes' prayer for the dead, my sermon must not exceed fifteen minutes, not a second more. Fifteen and two are seventeen. As to six forty-five, ask any one in Chanteloup and you will be told that it is the usual hour for bringing the bread to be blessed after my first Mass. Even your admirable police know that much."

"I suppose so," said the Kommandant, unconvinced. "Now where are you going?"

"To see Mlle. Marie, the mayor's sister. She lives a hundred yards from here."

"Is she expecting you?"

"Yes, I suppose so; I go there frequently."

"I will accompany you there."

"By all means." They walked in silence to the little gray stone house pressed close to a larger one of dull red brick. It was almost pretentious in its freshness—flower pots on each windowsill, immaculate muslin curtains swaying gently at the open casements.

"Who lives here?" asked the Kommandant idly.

"Mme. Mallory."

"That is not a French name."

"Yet the lady is French," replied the curé.

"Was her husband French?"

"No, he was an American, a soldier killed in the other war—that of 1914."

☆ AHA, thought the Kommandant to himself, her children are half American! Aloud he said very cleverly, "And her sons do not live with her—too dull here, of course."

The curé looked him in the eye. "She has only one son and he does live with her. He was born in France, so, in spite of his foreign father, he is French. He served during the last hostilities and is now demobilized."

"So. What does he do with himself?"

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "What do young men do when they have no choice? He plays billiards at the café, works in the garden. I suppose that he also takes naps and talks to his mother. He was to have been an engineer, but now I don't know what will become of him."

They entered the mayor's red-tiled lobby. The curé knocked at a door to the right and was straightway told to come in. Mlle. Marie leaned forward in the clumsy chair and clapped her hands. "Oh, *M. le curé*, what a charming surprise! And who . . ." she stared at the German officer.

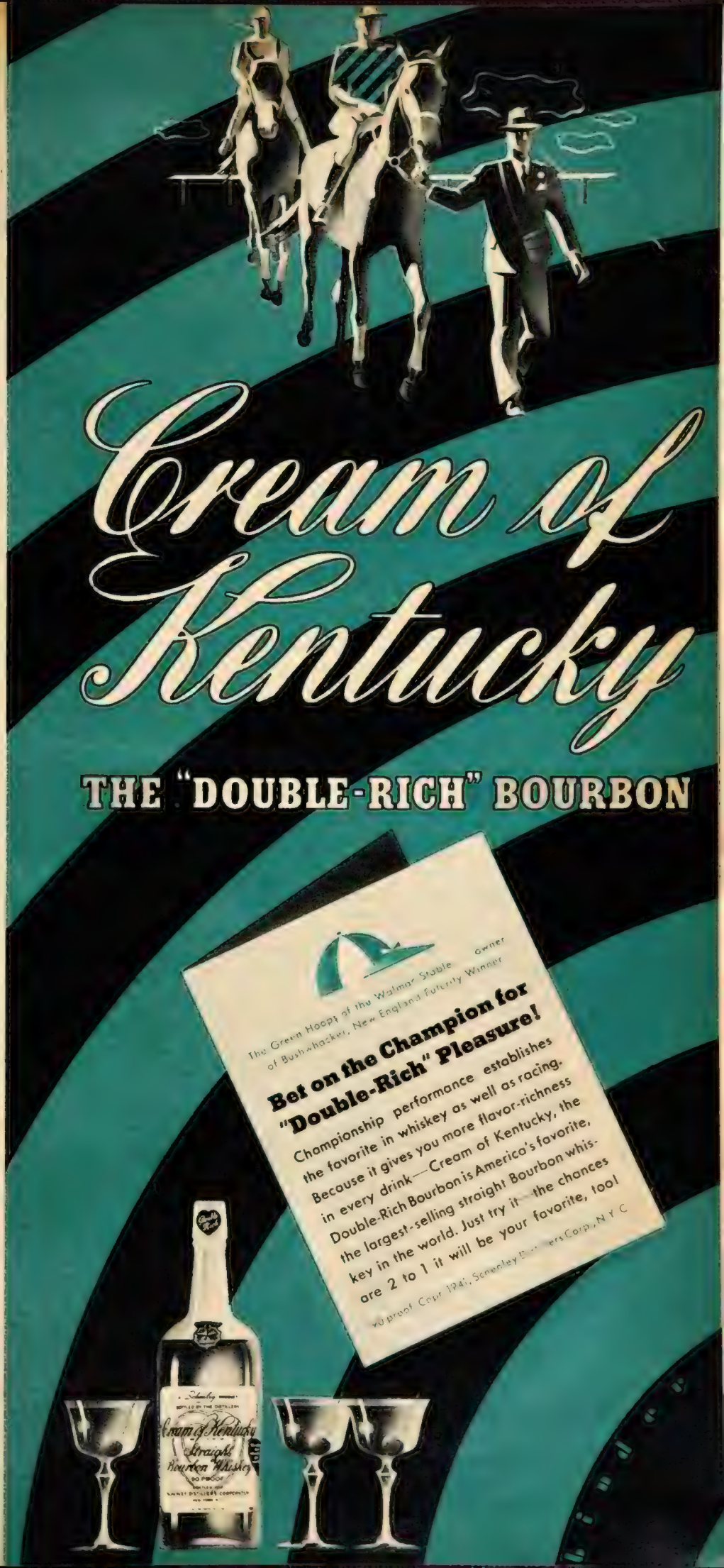
"Excuse me, mademoiselle," said the Kommandant. "I see you are about to have lunch."

"Don't excuse yourself," replied Mlle. Marie, waving her hands coquettishly. "I can wait. My guest has not yet arrived."

The table was laid for three; in a wicker basket some grayish bread lay cut in tiny slices, there were six olives in a dish, three slivers of tough sausage, a glass decanter of water and a plate of cold steamed potatoes. In the middle of the table was a vase filled with paper flowers which in the half light of dull February noon seemed a pathetic attempt at gaiety.

In one corner was a sewing machine with a faded chintz cover; on olive-green wallpaper hung steel engravings in gilt frames: Napoleon's death at St. Helena, a stag at bay, the dripping body of a drowned fisherman returned to his Breton cottage before a group of weeping women. The buffet contained a few cups and plates of pewter and a cracker tin painted in improbable mauve iris.

It was a hideous and commonplace apartment, yet there was something alert, intense, almost triumphant in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Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne — the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package — flat — convenient to carry — easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks — that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say — what a flavor — blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a *few* minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(Moral: You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

the atmosphere. Perhaps the mental image of the brave, suffering Mlle. Marie had permeated the air; perhaps her presence left traces of an undaunted spirit.

Now she was not gay but showed the pretentious reserve of a small-town Frenchwoman receiving an unexpected guest. "Sit down, messieurs. My brother will be in directly. Is not the weather strange? Warm one day, with five centimeters of snow the next . . . and the days grow no lighter. It is curious. We are told that the cycles are changing—not that I know what that means. Did the wind keep you awake last night, *M. le curé?"*

"If you don't mind," said the Kommandant, rising suddenly, "I will go for your brother myself."

The curé jumped up, a look of alarm swept over his face. But the Kommandant had reached the door, crossed the passage and, instead of knocking, burst open the surgery entrance which was neatly labeled: "No admittance." The little room was brightly lighted and as cold as a cell; water was running in a white porcelain sink. His back turned, the mayor was whistling as he held a jar of whitish powder to the window. He shook his head and reached for a big japanned box which he placed carefully on a wooden table. The feeling that he was being observed made him swing about to face the Kommandant.

☆ "WHAT are you doing?" asked the officer.

"Preparing for my sister's party," replied the mayor, swallowing something down. "I am also eating a gumdrop. Greediness is my besetting sin. Have a bonbon?" He removed the top from a tin box containing violet, pink, and white gumdrops and offered them ceremoniously. "Left over from other times," continued the old man. "They will return, no doubt. Did you wish to speak to me?"

This quietly jubilant person was not in the least like the mayor of seven months ago. Again the Kommandant heard the triumphant note which he had caught in the curé's and Mlle. Marie's voices. "Yes, about the stamps," began the Kommandant cunningly. "Perhaps there are too many of the Gestapo quartered here. There seems little need for so many of our men . . . if I could have the specimen from Mauritius that you promised me, we might come to terms."

"Did I promise you one?" asked the mayor. "I wish I had given it to you, for it has since been stolen—or shall I say that it vanished? And it was worth a fortune, too. . . .

"You mean that you will not give it to me?"

"Perhaps I do mean something of the sort," replied the mayor, choosing another gumdrop.

The Kommandant then used a well known trick for throwing guilty persons off their guard: "How many minutes does the priest remain in the pulpit?" he asked suddenly.

"Seventeen—two minutes' prayers for the dead, fifteen minutes for the sermon," answered the mayor glibly, rather too glibly for the Kommandant's intuition. The latter clamored insistently for a hearing: Why were these people so cheerful? Were they just stupid beings, anxious to keep a semblance of normal life? The officer hesitated. If the Gestapo's remarkable flair had discovered nothing, why should he waste precious minutes here? He thought of the importance of this day, the twenty-third of February. Reinforcements, plane engines, safety belts, certain "surprises" were being rushed that Sunday to the subterranean base by the Channel port of X. He must take no chances; every precaution had been taken, but yet . . . even this banal surgery, full of old jars and musty tins, held an eerie feeling of emotion . . . yes, of hope. All this passed through his mind in a few seconds.

☆ HE turned to the mayor and smiled. "Correct; but you are under arrest until tomorrow morning. You must not leave my sight. Do you understand?"

The mayor bowed, his face expressionless and placid.

"Where are the men whom I quartered here? I have not seen them."

"At this time of day they are usually in the garden. One of them likes digging, the other does nothing but weep on Sundays. Perhaps he should be given home leave before the war is over. I mean, before you defeat England." The mayor grinned amiably, showing a perfect set of porcelain teeth.

"Silence!" cried the Kommandant angrily. "Go eat your lunch, monsieur. I shall spend the night here."

"Here?" asked the chemist with some alarm.

"Yes, here. That frightens you, doesn't it?"

"No, it only makes me uncomfortable. Mine is the only other bed in the house and you will have to share it with me."

"That's my business," snapped the Kommandant and strode into the garden, which he had seen through a glass door at the end of the passage. Sure enough, an inspector sat on a bench, his face buried in his hands, while the second man hoed a strawberry bed and sang beautifully.

"I have driven a hundred kilometers to inspect this place," the Kommandant addressed the men curtly. "I have strong suspicions of Chanteloup and I find you loafing. Round up every inhabitant, put the women and children in the mairie, the men in the gendarmerie, and keep them there until tomorrow morning. I know you're not responsible to me, but if anything happens, that won't make your fate any sweeter. You need not keep the mayor's house. I'll attend to it myself. Send the people in the brick house next door to me. Make them wait here. I'll be in the dining room and will see them in a few minutes."

Once again the Kommandant rudely burst into the dining room. The maid had just brought in a tiny scrawny fowl. The curé remarked that it held up its drumsticks like arms, as much as to say: "How many people I am supposed to feed!" This time-honored French joke was greeted by the usual titter, which died down before the Kommandant's disdainful stare.

"My guest is not coming, so *M. le curé* has accepted to take his place. Will you not also share our lunch?" asked Mlle. Marie. "People were so good to me in Germany that I can never do enough for your compatriots." Her shrill laugh made the mayor and the curé wince and look so angry that the Kommandant decided to accept the invitation. He sat down and took his tiny portion of the chicken, a leaf or two of frostbitten salad. . . . There was no conversation except for a long soliloquy from Mlle. Marie concerning all the weathers she had known and remembered during nineteen years of illness. Finally, she rapped with her glass on the tray laid across her knees: "Baby wants a little of papa's Pinard!" she cried skittishly.

The mayor took a bottle from a cupboard by the mantelpiece and shook his head. "There is little left in this one, Marie. The wine in the surgery will be too cold. You should have asked for it sooner; anyway, we only drink it on feast days."

"But this is a feast day, Isidore," she crowed.

"A feast day?" inquired the Kommandant. "Surely you don't mean my presence?" Again he thought this an excellent joke.

Mlle. Marie wagged a finger at him coyly. "Yes and no. Shall we tell him, brother?"

The curé wiped his brow and looked despairingly at the mayor, who left the room for a fresh bottle of wine.

☆ NONE of this byplay escaped the Kommandant: "Yes, tell me." "Well, as you are a stranger, I must forgive you for not knowing," said the invalid. "Every Sunday I give a party —yes, I do. Before all this," she waved her arm vaguely, "happened, there used to be lovely refreshments: a big *baba* dipped in rum and covered with vanilla custard; there was also a plum cake, and the guests were given their choice of chocolate or tea. Of course every one took chocolate, but it is more elegant to serve tea also. Even at harvesttime I always have two tables of bridge." She coughed and wiped her pallid face.

"You like cards?" The Kommandant understood that these parties were her only pleasure, the one excitement of an unbearably dull life.

"Of course, and I am the only person in all Chanteloup who entertains every Sunday."

"And who is coming this afternoon?" asked the Kommandant amiably.

"Our next-door neighbors, but they count for one; M. and Mme. Richard, the mercers, three; Felicien, the watchmaker, four; my uncle and aunt, six. My uncle is very old, but that does not matter; we will have a good time, for he is witty and knows a lot of riddles about the English. . . ." She stopped and covered her mouth. She looked apologetically at the Kommandant.

An odd feeling of pity struck the Kommandant as he ate a bit of moldy goat cheese. "Well, they won't come this afternoon."

"Why not?" Mademoiselle accepted a thimbleful of wine from the fresh bottle which her brother had just opened, drank it and held out her glass for more. The mayor held the same bottle toward the Kommandant. "Will you have some?" he asked indifferently.

☆ THIS bottle came from a surgery full of strange powders—it might be drugged; whereas the wine which came from the half-finished bottle must be safe. "Let us first drink the old wine," proposed the Kommandant, feeling very clever.

"As you like." The mayor poured the remainder in the Kommandant's glass and replenished the curé's. He gave his sister some of the wine from the surgery and helped himself from the same bottle.

"Now," said Mlle. Marie, "we should drink a toast."

Every one looked uncomfortable. The Kommandant, with German tact, bridged the silence by suggesting the health and success of the New Order. To his surprise, every one drank to it.

Then Mlle. Marie asked, "And why won't my guests come here?"

"Because they are all under arrest."

"Oh!" If he had struck her in the face she could not have looked more dismayed and indignant. "Then today, for the first time, I won't have my party. . . ." Her voice trailed off into a strangled whisper.

"No," said the Kommandant.

"*Ma fille*," said the curé gently, "it is only a passing disappointment. Be brave."

"Which you will share with her by remaining here until morning," stated the Kommandant.

Mlle. Marie clapped her hands. "Then, if the German gentleman will stay too, we shall be four and we can play."

"I have no intention of playing," replied the German gentleman. The curé left the table, took out his breviary and began to read it in the darkest corner of the room.

Mlle. Marie did not attempt to conceal her disappointment. "No party on a Sunday . . . no party, my only pleasure . . . and my back aches so much. . . ." The mayor bent and kissed her brow. "Leave me alone!" she cried. "To look forward to something all the week and then . . ."

At this point a much chastened inspector knocked and informed the Kommandant that the family next door had been waiting for a long time. The officer felt strangely heavy and drowsy; it could not be the food. . . . The wine? No, the others had

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drunk a full glass apiece and looked quite alert. It must be the stuffy room. Yet he longed to stay there. "Bring them in," he managed to say, a bit thickly.

A slight, ruddy-cheeked woman entered with a great overgrown lad of twenty-two or so; his lips were parted in a foolish grin, eyes fixed and expressionless.

The Kommandant made a great effort to be businesslike. "You were married to an Englishman?" he asked.

"No, to an American," replied Mme. Mallory simply.

"So this is your son? What's the matter with him? He looks idiotic."

"He is not that," said his mother quickly. "John, speak to the officer."

"*Bonjour, mon commandant,*" drawled John.

"Were you in this war?"

"Yes, with the army of the north," answered Mme. Mallory for her son.

"Shipped to England?"

The youth did not seem to understand and scratched his head. Again his mother replied for him: "No, he was left behind at Dunkirk. It has made him a little simple, but he is better. Concussion, they call it."

"Go outside and wait a minute. I want to look at your house." This time, even with a superhuman effort, the Kommandant could not avoid closing his eyes. Never in his whole life had he experienced such a pleasant strange sensation; he felt as light and purposeless as a balloon drifting through the air. He passed insensibly into a state of unconsciousness and dreamed that he was gliding over England; in a moment he would land where he wished . . . yes, on that green grass . . . he was sitting on it . . . curious that it was warm and so soft. . . .

Mlle. Marie wheeled her chair past the sleeping curé while the mayor watched the Kommandant with a strange expression on his face. The chair was maneuvered skillfully into place beside the door. John Mallory was waiting alertly, all his pretense at imbecility gone. "John," Mlle. Marie spoke quickly, "take the radio." He bent as she pushed her long black skirt aside, lifted a flap in the boxlike seat, and took out the field apparatus. "Thanks to God, the German insisted on drinking from the bottle we had drugged for those pigs of inspectors. That's why they sleep so well at night . . . with such a nightcap. . . . The poor curé had some too. No matter, the effects last but half an hour. In any case, I would have offered him a gumdrop. Isidore prepared them this morning, knowing anything might happen now. Listen. Isidore heard from Z3U this morning while the men were in the garden. You have the code? Good. Inform GWP to strike thirty kilometers behind the coast line, just beyond the Vineuse church. *Tant pis* for the church; we can build another later. The new robot planes are there, the underground hangars. Tell the English to throw all their effort on thirty-three by fifty-four. The message was positive. Now hurry. The curé warned the people at Mass to be on their good behavior. You have twenty-five minutes. Place the radio in the hole under the rabbit hutch. We'll get it out later, if we can," she added to herself, for John was gone.

Long ago her chair had been devised as the only safe place to hide the radio. Who would have thought of looking into a cripple's chair? She wheeled herself back to her former place while Marianne began to clear away the dishes. "Good. Now give us a pack of cards; my brother and I will play *crapette*. Now place the flowers to one side so I can see their lovely colors and just two pieces of coal on the fire; it is a fête day, you know."

"With the Germans here!" cried Marianne.

"Yes, because *ces messieurs* are here. Come, Isidore." She blew her brother a kiss. As an afterthought, she blew one to the Kommandant.

The latter awoke as softly as he had fallen asleep. There were Mlle. Marie and the mayor playing together and quarreling gently. "Now, Isidore, you mustn't cheat, even if we are alone. . . . What, another ace! Well, take my king, but my queen . . . Tut-tut, you play as badly as Mme. Chastenet. . . ." She looked up and smiled at the Kommandant, who wondered whether this strangely domestic scene were not part of another dream: he, in the busiest time of the

INHALE?

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war, watching a pair of French tradesmen quarreling over dirty cards. . . .

The curé stretched and came out of his dark corner. "I can't imagine how I could have slept . . . nowadays no one overeats. . . ."

"Perhaps papa's wine was too strong," said Mlle. Marie.

"Or perhaps it was drugged," continued the mayor, dealing out a fresh hand.

The Kommandant stared at them grimly. "Perhaps it was. Send for my men."

The mayor went to the door and called, "Messieurs, you are wanted." An inspector entered instantly. "Kommandant, your orders have been carried out. The people gave no trouble. If you wish a telephone, the woman next door has one. She has not used it once since we came in July. Anything else?"

☆ "ONE of you pace up and down in front of the mairie, the other hang around the gendarmerie. We shall remain here until tomorrow morning."

The curé clasped his hands in a final appeal. "Let me go to vespers . . . one of your men can accompany me."

"No," snapped the Kommandant, "we all stay here together."

The curé made a despairing gesture, then began reading once more. The afternoon dragged on; from time to time a piece of coal or a log brightened the fire, the hideous lamp was turned on to cast murky shadows in corners and illuminate the now quiet players. At seven o'clock Marianne brought in some coffee and bread. That was the dinner which the Kommandant refused. The others ate with appetite. Marianne dragged in some old cushions, said her prayers with the curé, and straightway went to sleep, light snores punctuating her innocent peasant slumber. The fire died down. It grew cold. The Kommandant himself went to the kitchen for more fuel. When he returned, Mlle. Marie said to him, "If you really mean to spend the night here, you also mean not to sleep. Isn't that so? Yes? Well, to while away the hours, shall we have a little game?"

Grudgingly the Kommandant accepted. He had been up since four o'clock that morning; his thoughts were none too gay. . . . The curé was already at the table. He drew a card, the ace of spades; the Kommandant followed his example and picked out the nine of the same suit. "A bad card, if you know how to tell fortunes," remarked Mlle. Marie. "But you do not believe in such foolishness, very rightly. Oh, I have a six and Isidore a two-spot. Well, as we are."

The strange game began and lasted for so many hours that the Kommandant once more asked himself if this could be anything but a foretaste of hell: the cutting, dealing, reckoning, the growing difficulty in remembering the trumps, in counting the tricks. . . . His brain became numb, his body sore, his hands stiff from holding the grimy bits of colored pasteboard. Every hour a patrol halted outside the window. A German shouted: *"Alles in Ordnung."* Everything in order. . . . A dog barked in the darkness, and hours—it seemed years later—the windows began to lighten. An ugly dawn made the room look more sordid, the players paler, with great smudges under swollen eyes. Marianne went out and returned with more horrible watery coffee. The Kommandant would have given anything to taste it but, remembering the wine, he refused even that.

At eight, the Kommandant flung down his cards and rose. "Now we can part, thank heaven."

"But we must count up our gains,"

"What's this in the papers about you owing your success to your wife?"

said Mlle. Marie, her face ashen but determined as ever. "Monsieur, you have lost all night. You owe me . . ."

"Never mind what I owe you," roared the Kommandant. "You deserve a fine for your outrageous, preposterous, monstrous behavior."

"What have we done?" inquired Mlle. Marie. "It was a long game, I admit, but . . ."

"You play the worst bridge I have ever seen, excepting this priest here," said the Kommandant, pulling down his tunic and reaching for his cap.

"Oh . . . is that all? Well, you must return and teach us. This is a sleepy place. . . ." She yawned and placed a hand to her aching back.

The door slammed. They listened and heard the German's steps pounding down the street to the ramparts. As the sound grew fainter, their hearts lifted. "Give me a gumdrop and put me to bed, Isidore," said Mlle. Marie. "Give *M. le curé* one too and take one yourself. We deserve it. But first put the radio back in my chair."

The curé looked at the mayor. "I don't wish to know what you have done, Isidore, but if there are enough women in France like your sister, the end cannot be far."

Mlle. Marie allowed herself one delighted smile and fainted.

☆ THE Kommandant sped west as quickly as his chauffeur could drive the powerful car. He had seen the Chanteloup Gestapo. Nothing had occurred. Apart from his short sleep—had he slept? At the most it could only have been a few minutes—the little town had been powerless during the critical hours of the afternoon and evening. A fool's errand. He decided to say nothing about his nap, drugged wine and other sensational balderdash. Old wives' tales. He imagined the laughs that would greet him at headquarters. . . .

At headquarters, two generals and the rest of the staff were in secret session. He was admitted. The table in the drawing room of the old Hôtel Moderne was littered with papers, the officers spoke low. A captain gave a series of coded orders at the telephone.

"Well, Kommandant," said the elder general, "we were waiting for you."

The Kommandant looked longingly at the armchair which was not offered him. "You know where I have been, general? Nothing—a waste of time. . . . Not a nook uninspected, not a creature at large for the last twenty hours. We have been more thorough than usual. . . ."

"Have you?" asked the general. "Well, somehow, something in this admirably policed country," he was heavily sarcastic, "has gone wrong." The Kommandant grew a little paler. "The English have bombarded and completely destroyed the church, bombed a hole behind it as big as this port and . . . you know the rest. . . ."

"The church at . . ." began the Kommandant.

"You needn't call it anything, even here," interrupted the general. "The damage can be partly repaired, but it is a matter of several days, and now that every minute is precious . . . the tides are never so favorable as during the next days. . . . As long as none of you gentlemen can locate emission posts . . ."

"I beg your pardon," said the Kommandant, "but there are none where I come from—that I stake my uniform upon. . . ."

☆ THE officers listened seriously. The Kommandant had an excellent record. The general broke the silence. "You are all so right always," he said, pushing his papers away, "that I can only surmise that bird who talked to Siegfried must be loose in France. Yes, perched on every bush, he whispers the news to our enemy. We had best catch him before it is too late. And I don't doubt that one of you, so intelligent and so gifted, will learn his language and charm him into our lines before it is too late."

As he left the room, a young captain whispered, "He's very cross this morning."

The Kommandant heard him and turned very red. "I don't blame him. I wonder if the bird doesn't wear a blue apron and a muslin cap, or sit all day in a clumsy wheel chair. All right," he snapped. "Ready for work. Bring me the night's reports."

THE END

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ THE queens in your deck of playing cards are pushful ladies who eased men out and grabbed their jobs. Up to about the time Columbus discovered America there were no female cards. There were grand viziers, mounted knights, and knights afoot. The viziers became kings, the pedestrian knights became jacks, but the horseback knights got ousted by women. It was right after that when the earliest double-faced picture cards came in! . . . Recently in Chicago I met Nina Nitze, collector of old playing cards and an authority on their history. She told me all these things I'm telling you. . . . Our latest vogue for card backs decorated with designs of plumes is more appropriate than many of us realize, since the ancient origin of card play was a game indulged in centuries ago by Korean shepherds who threw feather darts at a square target marked north, south, east, and west. Their darts were carved with symbols — swords, plates, cups, sticks—forerunners of our spades, hearts, diamonds, clubs. . . . Mrs. Nitze showed me antique cards reflecting politics and passions of ages past and present: French Revolution cards lampooning aristocracy; Soviet cards that poke fun at religious tolerance; Axis cards *heiling* dictators. "Playing cards always have followed the trends of the times," says Nina Nitze, "both radical and conservative. The feathered dart still appears on the backs of cards in Korea. Cards in Latin countries retain the old symbols—swords, plates, cups, and sticks. Not even now, despite the march of feminism, are there any queens on native cards in Spain or Mexico."

☆ CHICAGO girls introduced me to their newest trick in meal tickets. It's a pocket booklet of thirty pages, each page having three diet menus—breakfast, lunch, and dinner—printed on perforated coupons. After each meal you tear the coupon off. The physical-conditioning establishment that gets the booklet out says you can reduce from eight to sixteen pounds by the time you've torn off a month's tickets.

☆ IT seems the Chicago doctors aren't easy to fool. I know a rich lady who went there from out of town and had to consult one. She thought he might charge less if she refrained from wearing her elegant new fur coat.

"I notice a slight rash," the doctor said while he was examining her. "It looks to me like a fur rash. Are you allergic to fur? *Have you a new fur coat?*" . . . So she had to confess and be cured!

"Anybody'd think you were used to these high buildings, the way you never look up at 'em!"

☆ HOW a family of Kansas City sparrows—flying free all the way—followed a United States naval officer and his wife across our continent, then over the Pacific to *China* and back, with port calls at Hawaii and Japan, is related calmly in Virginia Holton's astonishing bird book, The Beeps. There are photographs and confirmatory letters. Bird lovers will adore it! (Published by the John Day Company. $2.)

☆ THERE was gold in them pies for Arthur McCullum. He worked hard for years putting his ready-to-mix piecrust and muffin preparation on the market. Finally it enabled him to operate the side line of his heart's desire—a small gold mine out West. Both businesses now are doing well. A glad gleam lighted his eye as he told me about his recent visit at the mine. Found the cook sick. Nine men to feed. Rolled up his sleeves and did the cooking for a week. Steaks, stews, roasts, and chowders—"not to mention muffins and pies," said Mr. McCullum modestly. He declares it the best vacation he's ever had. Now *there's* a man who really likes to cook!

☆ NOT from the West but from the Canadian North comes this fine recipe for an easy-to-make *Ontario Strawberry Pie.* Raw berries combined with cooked ones are the special feature of it. . . . Have pie shell baked and cooled. Clean and hull 4 cups berries (1 quart). Spread bottom of pie shell with currant jelly; sprinkle with cake crumbs and put the choicest berries in uncooked. Crush rest of fruit, adding 1 cup sugar. Bring to boil, then pour over 2 tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in a little water. Cook in double boiler till thick, flavoring with ½ teaspoon vanilla. When slightly cool pour into pie shell. Serve chilled, topped with whipped cream and a few dots jelly.

☆ AT St. Luke's Hospital, in New York, a crusade for quiet has kept pace remarkably with the march of progress. It started fifty years ago when a fence had to be built to stop stray cows from near-by farms from mooing under the patients' windows. This year the hospital's antinoise campaign is directed against the disturbance of patients by low-flying airplanes from La-Guardia Field!

WHAT ERNEST BEVIN IS LIKE—Continued from Page 13

"I think there will be a pact of some kind between Stalin and Hitler," he declared. And I well remember a T. U. C. meeting in 1915 when Bevin outlined in detail his plans for a Ministry of Labor. A quarter of a century later he was to find himself at its head. Long before Britain went off the gold standard he had urged it and maintained that it was the only alternative to war.

Now he bellows his determination to make a new place for the workers, once the war is won:

"The task of rebuilding the world has to be done by the working class. We are taking none of the promises—the plausible stuff of the last war. In the past it was a matter of settling frontiers, sorting out minorities, the balance of power. This time it must be the economic reconstruction of the whole foundation of society."

And again: "You have got to offer the teeming millions of Europe and other parts of the world a new feeling of hope, and example is better than precept."

☆ BEVIN has brought the second World War right into the homes and workshops of his people. He means to offer the enslaved subject peoples of the world a practical alternative to Nazi tyranny.

The farmer's lad who started his political career by reading the parliamentary columns of the newspapers aloud to a half-blind farmer has traveled far. One of the most lasting monuments he has left in his path is "Ernie Bevin's Lake" in Bristol.

It was Christmas Day, 1908, when the inhabitants of the city were crowding in their festive best into the cathedral for morning service, that two young men appeared with placards: "10,000 are starving in Bristol today." Few of the worshipers could hurry away to a sumptuous dinner past such an accusation, and Bevin and his friend bought hundreds of loaves of bread with the money they collected. They did more—they stirred up the local council. Within a week it was announced that an ornamental lake would be made in the park. The first of the down-and-outs went to work for fourpence an hour and the council members sighed in relief. Then Bevin heard about it and called the men out on strike. At sixpence an hour they went back and finished the lake that bears his name.

Ask Bevin today what he thinks of his own chances of being the next Prime Minister. He shakes his head. "No. After the war I'm going right back to my union, where I belong."

If some one can persuade him that as Prime Minister he can best work for his people, then to Downing Street he will undoubtedly go. His future is in his own hands. It may well be the future of the Labor Party as well.

THE END

SPAGHETTI TOPPED WITH MEAT BALLS—Heat Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce and serve topped with browned meat balls made of equal portions of beef, pork and veal ground together twice. A crisp green salad with French Dressing and a basket of assorted rolls will balance the menu.

DEVILED SPAGHETTI WITH MUSHROOMS—Heat Heinz Spaghetti in saucepan. Brown one 8-oz. can sliced mushrooms in butter. Add 4 tbs. mushroom liquor and two 4-oz. cans deviled ham. Heat. Serve between two layers of spaghetti in individual ramekins. Accompany with salt sticks and relishes.

QUICK ECONOMICAL ENERGY MEAL

Richly sauced with a blend of prize tomatoes and tangy cheese, thrifty Heinz Cooked Spaghetti makes a grand one-dish meal!

WHEN you want a quick supper—and a *good* one—open a tin of ready-to-serve Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! Prepared from finest semolina flour and cooked to mouth-watering tenderness, this creamy spaghetti is so nourishing it's almost a meal in itself! And the *sauce*—what a spicy blend of pedigreed tomatoes and nippy cheese! Keep several tins of Heinz Spaghetti handy! Served with leftovers—or alone—it's *delicious!*

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

THE LAST WORD: *Can Japan and the United States Be Friends?*

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ONE to believe that war between Japan and the United States was "inevitable."

For years I was told that the war of the Whites and the Yellows was bound to come. British agents told me so; but then, Great Britain had interests to protect in the Far East. American naval officers told me so; but naval officers are inclined to think in warlike terms.

Plainly, too, there were race causes of friction; but I have never been able to regard them as being beyond solution. The people of Japan are ambitious and proud, and it was no more than natural they should resent our exclusion laws, especially since it was an American naval officer who ended their own exclusion laws at the cannon's mouth.

Deep as some of the friction went, I have always felt that fundamentally the Japanese could admire the Americans and the Americans could admire the Japanese. Travel in Japan only confirmed that impression.

But sometimes factors, strange and small, enter into great issues.

The fact, for example, that Yosuke Matsuoka was educated in the United States and was treated badly by some of his schoolfellows is an emotional element that now is directly affecting the relations between the Land of the Rising Sun on one hand, and the Land of the Rising Cost of Living on the other.

HOW STRANGE IT IS to think that in school yards of long ago thoughtless American boys were wounding the sensibilities of a young Japanese commoner, destined one day to travel from Tokyo to Berlin, where he was kowtowed to by the Germans in most flattering style; to Rome, where Mussolini buttered him up with all the wily flattery that Il Duce knows how to conjure; and thence home again to play a mighty role in determining the future course of Japan.

Matsuoka! A lonely Japanese schoolboy in a Western American college, sick and sore at the teasings, the taunts, the racial discrimination; wounded to the quick by mockery and contempt. And now—Matsuoka, the Foreign Minister of an empire in arms.

All his life Matsuoka has rubbed salt in those old wounds of his—nurtured the ache, hugged the pain, and bided his time. His time is now; and what will he do?

That Matsuoka dislikes Americans is not fancy but a fact. He may deny it, but one who knows him very well, George E. Sokolsky, will tell you next week what Matsuoka is really like. Sokolsky says he is a little man with a tremendous ego; a capable man and in many ways a just man. But he remembers those old hurts. You will not want to miss this intimate appraisal of a powerful personality in Mr. Sokolsky's article, Why Matsuoka Hates the United States.

THERE ARE MANY other articles in the forthcoming Liberty which we believe will bring you entertainment, information, and perhaps some inspiration. There is, for example, a dispatch from London from our flying correspondent, Johannes Steel, in which he reports an exclusive interview with Ernest Bevin, England's famous labor leader. . . Why did Mr. Breen, morals master of the Hays Office in Hollywood, resign? Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell you all about that. . . . Where do Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, and other radio funny men get their jokes? You will learn all about gag men and how they work in Irving Wallace's story, Always Leave Them Laughing. . . . There will be a baseball article that will stir you. . . . Deems Taylor, eminent music critic and insouciant master of ceremonies of Fantasia, brings you a music quiz. . . . Bubbles Schinasi, in Girl Meets Girl, will tell you young ladies all about the latest gadgets for beauty and convenience; the young men should read this too if they want to know the right kind of presents to give young ladies. . . . "Let the Other Fellow Pay" is an article on taxes, by Walter Karig, of importance to everybody. . . . I especially recommend two short stories: Indignantly Yours, by John Randolph Phillips, and another of our talking-horse stories called Ed Likes to Be Beside the Seaside, by Walter Brooks. . . . These, with installments of current serials, Princess Kropotkin, and your other favorite features, make up a stirring summer issue—don't you agree?

SALMAGUNDI: Typical of perhaps a hundred letters recently received by the editor is the following:

"Why, oh why, must Liberty at long last descend to the level of other magazines by using that foul phrase, 'Continued on page —'? Don't you feel that you owe your faithful readers an explanation as to the necessity of this change? I'm disgusted after the May 3 issue, and am bidding a sad farewell to Liberty Magazine. Good-by, then. JOHN I. GRAHAM."

Surely not good-by, Mr. Graham! Liberty has improved its format not to lose your friendship but to grip you to our soul with hoops of steel. The change to which you object was made in order that we might make a finer display, in keeping with the rising public demand for modernity and beauty—and convenience. Years ago, Liberty adopted the plan of unbroken continuity in the presentation of its stories. We dropped this recently not because we wanted to make reading our stories more inconvenient, not to imitate other magazines—but because the previous plan limited our opportunities of making beautiful and stirring presentations of paintings, drawings, and designs. We have received many, many letters from readers praising our modernized arrangement. Also—as you can see by turning the pages of this issue now in your hands—not all the stories are carried over to the back of the book. In fact, we shall try to keep them down to a minimum. What's your hurry, Mr. Graham? Let me put your hat back on the rack; stay a while longer, won't you?

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. **FULTON OURSLER.**

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The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

BADGE OF BELIEF

IT'S A SMALL THING on a man's lapel or a woman's dress—but the *Emblem of Liberty* carries a big meaning. A decoration? Yes—but not mere adornment. A decoration in terms of something hard-won, worn with pride, like the ribbon of a medal.

The *Emblem of Liberty* is a miniature of the Statue of Liberty which stands for those principles of living that make this country great. The *Emblem* is fittingly sponsored by the magazine which was named for Liberty, and which stands for those same principles: freedom of opinion, freedom of faith, freedom of opportunity.

Liberty Magazine believes there are many Americans who want to wear a badge of their belief. Who want to reaffirm their faith in our way of life during these threatening times. Who want to pledge themselves to a more personal, more active citizenship. Who want to promote, by wearing the *Emblem of Liberty*, the principles for which it stands.

EMBLEM OF LIBERTY

Actual Size

☆ *Sponsored by, without profit to, Liberty Magazine. Jeweler-made. 14-kt. lifetime gold plate, baked enamel colors, pin back or button back style, 25c each. Direct your request to Liberty Magazine, Dept. Y., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.*

"I pledge myself to wear the *Emblem of Liberty*, to perform cheerfully those duties of citizenship which make possible the privileges of freedom."

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THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

It's Ralph Flanagan — swimmer of the world's fastest mile—lighting up that All-American mildness favorite, a slow-burning Camel

THERE'S only one Ralph Flanagan — only a limited few who can even give him a good race. But, as a smoker, he's no different from millions of others when he tells you:

"Camel is the one cigarette that is extra mild—and has a flavor that doesn't wear out its welcome."

Yes, in every walk of life—in the ranks of the Army and Navy, too—the brand that clicks is the *flavorful* cigarette that is extra mild with *less nicotine in the smoke.* Science confirms this advantage of less nicotine *(see left, above)*, but get Camels and smoke out the facts about mildness for yourself.

HERE *(closest to camera)* is Ralph Flanagan in action at Palm Springs. *And they call that stroke a crawl!* 5 times All-American—a mile in 20:42.6—and he still says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel!"

YOU'VE GOT the right answer there, Ralph Flanagan. Camel's slower way of burning means more coolness, naturally. More flavor, too, for nothing dulls flavor and fragrance like excess heat.

And what a treat a cool, flavorful Camel can be . . . how welcome Camel's extra mildness—extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke. Get Camels. For economy, convenience, buy the carton.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 *EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!*

Camel

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS